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## HUMAN OCCUPATIONS.

COMPARATIVE PRIVILEGES AND EFFECTS OF THE DIFFERENT OCCUPATIONS IN LIFE.

IN TWO PARTS: PART TWO.

THERE has been a distinction made, by which a certain part of our population are called 'working men,' or operatives, and this term does not include the professions, though the professions are generally the hardest workers of all. In speaking of professions, in a former number, we did not include the school-teacher, because it is not, in all parts of our country, so considered, although it should be, to be valuable, either to the public or the individual engaged in it; and the teacher is, if he do his duty, the hardest worker of any. Why the trades have occupied a lower station in the estimation of men, than the professions, cannot be attributed to their inferior usefulness, certainly, but perhaps it may be traced to an erroneous notion, which has been prevalent, that learning and education were of no use, except to the clergyman, the doctor, and lawyer. This notion, operating to save the farmer, or any other producer of children, the expense and trouble of educating his offspring, has finally produced the result, not founded in nature or reason, of lowering the standard of character among the mechanic trades. In aristocratic governments, the trades began to view themselves as the servants of the higher orders, and to meet oppression, insult, and neglect, without wincing under it. The human mind recovered from this shock, when republican principles found root in these United States; and the declaration that all men were created equal, suddenly upset the distinctions of centuries. The system of public education brought out many grand minds from the hitherto oppressed orders of society; and it must now be acknowledged, that the greatest nation in the world is in the hands of 'working men.' Centuries must elapse, before the truth will practically appear, that farmers and mechanics are the most respectable class of society; the most useful — the most necessary. We are still laboring under the accumulated prejudices of ages on this subject. When the time shall arrive, and it surely will come, when education shall be generally diffused; when what is now called learning, shall have become every-day maxim; when pedantry shall cease to perplex and confuse; and the object of all study shall be to discover truth, it will be plain what are the natural caste of

men. The mummeries of fashion, the criterion of externals, the factitious distinctions of wealth and family, will cease, and men will be regarded by the true standard of morality and practical utility.

We would by no means assert that we think the farmer happier than the lawyer, or a useful member of any profession. We are fortunately so constituted, as to find satisfaction or happiness, in proportion as we discharge our duty. The pleasures of sense are not worthy of the name of happiness. True happiness is that repose and contentment of mind, which results from the judgment of a conscience finding nothing to condemn. It is idle to talk of the happiness of this or that occupation. All occupations require labor, and ease of employment is a contradiction in terms. Let not the mechanic envy the lawyer or minister, because they have little to do; neither must they indulge in the erroneous notion, that they do not earn their bread by labor. And when they are charged a heavy fee for what appears to take but little time, they should reflect upon the expense and time that have been employed to qualify them to do this apparently trifling service.

Thus far, we have confined our remarks to those who labor in what are called the professions. Call them the higher or lower callings, it matters not which. One thing is certain, that their employments would cease, were it not that the more active laborers, both in body and mind, give them food. A very wrong notion has been prevalent in the world; and it is, that more mind is required for the professions than the trades. It is true, that the professions are constantly consulting books, and the opinions of past ages. The divine is puzzled with old dogmas, the lawyer must rest his cause upon precedent, the doctor must read his medical journal, but the mechanic arts require practical knowledge. In the professions, we rest upon human opinion, where life and property are concerned; in mechanics, we work by the principles God has infused into matter; and the highest ingenuity, the most mathematical thought, is required in new applications and combinations of these first and divine data. The mechanic loses his knowledge of words, because he is always dealing with things, and the lawyer often loses his regard to things, because he deals so much in words. The knowledge of the one is sure and experimental; the opinions of the other, after all, are but mere opinions. We contend, then, that though the professions call into exercise great subtlety of thought; although there are very puzzling things to get over, and deep habits of analysis must be cultivated for success in them; yet for amount of social and useful thought, they are inferior to the trades. In what have the long metaphysical discussions of past times benefitted our world? In nothing, except to confound the common sense of mankind. How would the race be benefitted, by solving the curious question propounded by Lamb, 'whether God loves a lying angel better than a true man,' supposing such a question to be seriously propounded? The world owes its advanced state of civilization, not to such discussions — not to curious learning of past ages — but to the mechanical inventions, which have increased the comforts of life, and the means of intercourse between provinces and nations. The application of steam to mechanical purposes, is worth all the knotty points in law, theology,

and medicine, in advancing the human mind. The poet and the painter discover scenes of beauty and grandeur, and dwell upon them, with rapture. They paint in words and on canvass the power of the elements, and the majesty of God's creation. The mechanic recognises this power and this beauty; he puts to practical test the power of water, and the power of air; he rears palaces that are supported upon the same principle that rears the rock on the cliff, and enables the pine to withstand the tempest. He follows the law of security in his work, and beauty is the consequence. The one is an admirer of things in the abstract, the other worships God, practically as well as morally, by carrying out his great principles in utility.

His employment is becoming every day more lucrative, and more necessary. The mechanic trades are characterized by a stronger vein of common sense, than other occupations. Men thus employed are less likely to be carried away by delusions, or a speculating mania. Accustomed to frame and manufacture, they do not look for sudden acquisitions of fortune, nor are they fretted with fears about the fall of stocks. Their wealth is real; it is in themselves; it is their art; something no one can take from them. A good mechanic can always more than support himself, wherever he be. With a good education, a good trade, and uncontaminated morals, it seems to us that a man is as near to having Aladdin's lamp, as any one is likely to be. Of the farmer, it need only be said, that he is lord of the soil. Indebted to no one but his Maker, he may be wholly independent; and if he should chance to be literary and scientific, there would appear to be no end to his usefulness. You may know the temperate farmer, by his ruddy cheek, and by the brightness of his eye. He is redolent of the soil; there is about him the bearing of a man. He looks like the oak of his own hills, and his children like the strong flexile saplings around this father of the woods. How could you imagine a William Tell to spring up from the gentles of Switzerland, if there be any there? How much interest is attached to the character of Cincinnatus, from the fact that he was called from the plough to lead the Roman armies!

But let us divert the reader's attention to the teacher of youth. What are his advantages, and what are the effects of his passion? Where are his golden honors, his great renown, his wealth, his elegant leisure? What are his hopes of retirement upon a competency? Where is the end of his labors? To what point is he striving? Can any one tell? The teacher labors for others, not himself. He is constantly giving what he has. His wealth is barely support. His golden honors, his wealth, are air-built castles, that have never yet been seen. His leisure is constant occupation, in unvaried pursuits. Life is the end of his labors, and he is striving for the good of the next generation, when he will be forgotten. The highest fame he can reach, is perhaps the mention of his name in the age after him, as having assisted in forming the mind of some village Hampden, or as having sown the seeds of knowledge in the future poet, historian, or saviour of his country. The mystery is past to the craft. Time was, when the schoolmaster was the terror of his village. He wore a cue and cane, perhaps a wig, somewhat smaller than the lawyer's, to avoid action of trespass. He was the umpire of spelling and

pronunciation, and generally wore a long-tailed black coat, laughing at the elbows. His form was terrible as Jupiter's, and if he ever smiled, it was a '*sub-ridens*,' or grin. From all accounts we have of the race, for it is extinct, he was a creature '*sui generis*.' From some remains lately discovered, supposed to be the vestiges of Ichabod Crane, it is found, that there was a great elongation of the right arm, from a tendency to fly off in so constantly using the ferula. He was a tyrant — that is certain; for Shakspeare says, 'the school-boy, with his satchel, and shining morning face, went like snail, *unwillingly* to school.' His whole object was to preserve order, and inspire terror. But the teacher now-a-days has his satisfactions and his consolations. He feels that he is emerging into a golden age for education. And if he has not the fame, he feels that he gives impulses to the world after he is dead, in the persons of his pupils. Yes; he sees his reward — a reward that cannot be so well described as felt. But what remains to be considered? The poet? He is of all ranks and professions. Elliot, now a noted poet in England, is a blacksmith. Is not this an age of intellect? But most to be pitied, most to be avoided, is the man of no profession, no occupation, no trade. Such an one is a pryer into other men's matters, a seeker out of strange oaths, and new smoking apparatus. He learns to concoct new drinks, and tries new inventions of meats. The strapping of his razor is an event in his life, and shaving is hailed as a privilege. Such a man reads grave-stones for amusement, and picks his teeth between the letters. He reads the advertisements in the newspapers, and makes pencil-marks and elegant margins around the capital letters, in notices for stray oxen. Often, to kill time, he kills flies, and sometimes aspires to the character of a sportsman, by shooting the innocent birds around his neighbor's domicile. But why should we detain the reader with the description of a personage, the contemplation of whom is a waste of time, and consumption of patience? Fortunate may he consider himself, who is always busy!

Before closing this subject, the question may occur, why it is that we find so many in all professions, occupations, and trades, who are dissatisfied men? They seem to be moving in a sphere in life for which they are neither fitted by education nor taste. The answer to this question is the most important view of the theme. It is because the profession, trade, or occupation, is forced upon the child, before his mind has acquired the power of judging; before his tastes are developed, and his genius, or aptitude to any one pursuit, is evinced. Many men study law, who had better been farmers or mechanics, and many mechanics had better been lawyers. The parent, instead of studying the disposition of his child, gives him such a chance as agrees with his own taste, rather than the child's, and perhaps, by this course, unfits him for all hope of usefulness. There is undoubtedly such a thing as natural taste; a taste not innate, but resulting from organization, or early, insensible education. The eye of the painter, the ear of the musician, the love of mathematics, belonging to sedentary men, and the phlegmatic temperament, all prove this. If, then, this natural taste should be consulted, instead of pursuing the arbitrary course now so common, we might hope for better work, in all the occupations of life. Beside, a man's moral character often

depends upon the interest he feels in his occupation. When they dislike it, they take every occasion to rid themselves of it, for the time, and contract habits of idleness, which lead to poverty, and poverty, in nine cases out of ten, leads to vice.

As yet, we have only spoken of the occupations of men. Let us say a word here of women. Is she like Eve, the mere consoler of her husband? Can she have no occupation, no plan of life, no self-dependence? Must she, to fulfil her destiny, marry and bring up a family of children? Is her whole youth to be spent in preparing for this event? Is this the single idea which she is to live for? We hope not. The paths of industry are open to her. She may become a teacher, an author; she may spend her time in works of benevolence. She is fitted to personify the gentle charities of life. Let her then, we say, have her occupation. Let her have a plan of life. Let her begin to live, as though she were not a candidate for matrimony; lay out her plans for years of single blessedness; and then she will be best fitted to become a wife and a mother.

A woman whose whole youth is devoted to compassing a marriage, will bring to the house of her husband a mind frittered into small fragments by her previous life. The excitement of the chase over, the great object for which she has lived being accomplished, she sinks into indifference; and though the cares of a family may rouse her to necessary exertion, she will lose her elastic step, her blooming cheek. Care will sit upon her features, and apathy benumb her heart. Fortunately, we have few such; but the picture from which we draw, may be found in all our cities. There in the round of parties and balls, at theatres, and all public exhibitions, ushered by ambitious mammas, glitter the jewels of those who are taught, by novels and conversation, that to *get married*, is the great business of woman's life.

Commend us for society, for charity, for sympathy, to a well-educated woman of thirty, who is not ashamed that she is single. What would the world do, good reader, without old maids? The mother cannot go to the sick couch of her neighbor, for her own child is ill. Who shall go? The mother cannot teach, consistently with her duties to her little ones. Are our female teachers to be always the young, the inexperienced? Shall our schools never have the benefit of mature and ripe minds, in forming the minds and character of the young? But how can we have these, if all intend to marry? — if the whole sex only consist of the married, and those whose tempers are embittered by a cruel necessity of remaining single? Fidelity to our subject has compelled this train of remark, and we plead a rhetorical necessity for touching the sex at all. Our own regard for the dignity of the sex, compels it. Woman is half of mankind; and in a paper of this description, she should not be passed over in silence, or indifference. There are large consequences hanging upon what may be esteemed of little consequence. It is an encouraging thought, to those who are engaged in the arduous duties of life, that by our very occupation, trade, or profession, we are continually summoning out powers, which can only so be known to their possessor, and keeping under those desires, and arming ourselves against those enticements, to contend and vanquish which, constitutes our virtue.

It is a common remark, we are aware, that idleness is the mother of vice, and we cannot be too deeply impressed with the truth of the axiom. Many men owe their ruin to a want of some healthy occupation, or, upon the inheriting of large fortunes, giving up their profession or trade. God has decreed that man shall get his bread by the sweat of his brow; and no one can, with impunity, disregard the decision.

From what has been advanced, we think we may fairly deduce, that there is no profession nor occupation exempt from labor; that happiness does not result from one business more than another; that there is no employment, trade, or profession, shielded from difficulties, or barren of advantages and fruits; that there is no unfailing key to a competency, but industry, and no path to true honor, but virtue.

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LINES TO MY MOTHER.

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'I remember, I remember, the spot where I was born,  
The little window, where the sun came peeping in at morn!

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MY MOTHER! with that hallowed phrase,  
What joyous recollections start!  
The sunshine of my early days  
Comes back upon my clouded heart.

It brings my home, my native home,  
With all its chosen charms, to view;  
The walks where I was wont to roam,  
The fields of green — the skies of blue.

The towering trees, that used to cling  
Their arms above the cottage wall,  
The very vines that loved to cling  
Around the door — I see them all.

And thus, while memory's magic glass  
Reveals to view each chosen spot,  
Across the glowing picture pass  
Scenes which may never be forgot.

My wonted visit there again,  
From home remote, I seem to pay,  
And view afar the shaded lane,  
At twilight of a summer's day.

My mother listens 'neath the trees,  
To catch the distant coachman's horn,  
And smiles, as on the evening breeze  
She hears its mellow music borne.

Again I speed, with flying feet,  
With bounding pulse and heart elate,  
Again my mother's welcome meet,  
Beside the little garden gate.

*Auburn, (N. Y.) Oct. 1832.*

But ah! when last that spot I sought,  
And entered that familiar door,  
Its dreary desolation taught  
My heart that it was home no more!

Still glowed each summer charm around,  
The verdant vines still clustered there;  
Each fav'rite tree and flower I found,  
And breathed the fragrance-freighted air.

But silence reigned within those halls,  
Where once the hours so brightly fled,  
And mocking echo, from the walls,  
Gave back the lonely mourner's tread.

Dear mother! would thy sainted soul  
Might, from its blest abode above,  
Behold the burning tears that roll,  
At each memento of the love.

As, pilgrims at this sacred shrine,  
They stand with bosoms anguish-riven,  
For whom the latest prayers of thine,  
To whom its latest thoughts, were given;

Why should they check the tide that flows  
From feeling's fount, for one so dear?  
Life has no holier tears, than those  
Which fall around a mother's bier.

But we acknowledge, God of love!  
Thy hand, which with paternal care,  
Seeking to draw our hearts above,  
Has placed another magnet there.

P. H. M.



## SUNDAY IN LONDON.

BY A RETIRED COCKNEY.

'TELL me,' says CHESTERFIELD, 'what company you keep, and I will tell you what your character is.' A modification of the same idea, will apply to cities. If we know how Sunday is observed, we can immediately suppose what is the general character of the town. Now a Sunday in London is a twenty-four hours of Salmagundi, the upper surface of which Asmodeus could hardly describe. In a place where the classification of society is so completely adopted as in London, it may naturally be supposed that the 'Diable Boiteux' would be puzzled by finding that so many engaging persons are engaged in the kitchens by day, and engage the garrets by night; and after all, he would not see the real stream of society which fertilizes the valley between the Surrey Hills and the Highgate Archway. No, no; to describe London with any thing like success, it must be not only unroofed, but thoroughly explored; and the exploration will well repay the trouble, after it is accomplished. But it requires a life, a long life, of examination and condensation, to abstract a description of it from the brain. The study of London is the study of human nature, and the knowledge of human nature requires something more than human wisdom to discriminate its characteristics. It is not an every-day affair to obtain an insight to the intricate and manifold surfaces that are presented by society in a city which numbers two millions of inhabitants. What a glorious opportunity the great fire of London would have had, if the language of fire could be expressed in print! However, it is not every 'magazine' that would receive such a contributor, without a death-shudder; and the reader is probably not disposed to countenance a too flaming article.

London! To describe one day, and that the Sabbath, in London, requires 'the eye of an eagle, the hand of a lady, and the heart of a lion.' O for the eye of Richard Birnie, the hand of Leigh Hunt, and the heart of William Cobbett! All these combined, might have done justice to the subject. Johnson once said that 'the full tide of human existence appeared to be at Charing Cross,' and there the moralizing doctor leaves us. It is the combination of excellence that is required, which makes it difficult to find a person willing to attempt the description. Otherwise, men who are now, or have been lately, on the stage of life, would have gloried in encountering the achievement. Charles Dickens, Pierce Egan, Tom Hood, Smith, of the Despatch, Theodore Hook, Lewis, of the Morning Herald, 'The Hermit in London,' or Douglas Jerrold, might, could, would, or should have done it; but as it appears they have not — why then, it remains to be done.

Twelve o'clock on Saturday night generally finds the theatres just cleared, and the chandelier of the Italian Opera House darkened. Carriages, freighted with beauty and fashion, are dashing and rumbling about the squares of the west end; and, by the time the ladies have discussed the merits of Lablache, Seguin, Braham, and Tom

Cooke, the gentlemen have duly decided on the attractions of Grisi, Taglioni, Vestris, or the Elslers. The apprentice and the mechanic, after having been to the theatre, walked two or three times through the piazzas at Covent Garden, taken some à la mode beef and a glass of 'Hodges' best' gin, begin to separate in small parties for home. The 'hard cases,' however, know very well where to spend the night, in gambling, or any other kind of dissipation that inclination may prompt. Policemen are on the alert, and at this time of night generally trust rather to their ears than their eyes, both as regards out-door and in-door operations. Among the working classes, a little indulgence is expected on Saturday night, and the majority are prudent enough to remain at home; but Saturday night will be Saturday night; for, according to the logic of a well-known cockney maxim: 'A week without a Saturday night, would n't be no week at all!'

At one o'clock on Sunday morning, the north side of Leicester Square, which is noted for being the latest thronged thoroughfare in London, begins to be deserted. Here and there may be seen a small debating society, generally composed on the spot by journeymen tailors, standing at corners, and arguing with much vehemence on the corn laws, the standing army, the beer act, and the American panic. Most of the unfortunate females who infest such cities, are by this hour out of the streets, or perhaps shivering under the piazzas, thinking of the time when life was a pleasure, and knowledge was innocence; when friends would assist, and even enemies might pity. The heart of a man will refuse to be pitied; his nature enables him to despise the pity of others; but the heart of a woman inclines her to rely on something beside herself; some dear friend, who might pity her, even if devoid of the means of helping her. It is most strange, but so it is, that the consolation of pity is withheld from a degraded female, while the vilest highwayman and murderer is regarded with some degree of deference, even after he is convicted by a jury of his country. The real bitterness of heart which is combined with the forced gayety of this class of women, can scarcely be conceived by any but those who have seen every side of 'Life in London.' In passing one of these unfortunate creatures, after the theatres are out, and she has been unable to procure a victim for the cold-blooded wretches who employ her, the observant mind is led into a very painful view of the depravity of human nature, and the too certain 'wages of sin.' While she is debating in her mind whether to return alone to the house to which she is one of the tempters, or whether she shall throw herself off one of the bridges into the Thames, who can tell the pangs of remorse and reproach that alternately possess her? She recollects when kind parents watched over her, only to bless her waking energies, and confesses that if their fervent prayers to Heaven for her safety and preservation from evil had prevailed, she would never have been the victim of passion, and the slave of prejudice. She now remembers the delights of school-fellowship, and the prattle of playmates, only to feel the difference between the past and the present; that school and the hard school of the still harder world; she is reminded, by a justifiable vanity, of the time when the pride of man would humble itself at her feet, esteem it an honor to take her hand, and glory in the



privilege of speaking to her; and *now* the awful truth bursts upon her mind, that one error has decided her fate; that she has no recourse but crime and prostitution; and even these have left her to walk home unprotected, and trembling with cold, in the same thin attire which had been hired out to her, for the purpose of attraction in the saloons. Of all the elements of which society in large cities is composed, none probably are more interesting to the philosopher, or the man of the world, than the causes which create, support, and finally destroy, so many of these 'painted palaces, inhabited by disease and death.'

There is scarcely an hour when the city of London can be said to be 'hushed in sleep;' but if there be an hour in the whole week in which the comparative quietude is remarkable, it is from two till three o'clock on Sunday morning. This is accounted for, by there being very little done in the markets, except a little retailing. The noise and bustle of the arrival of the country wagons are at an end. At this hour, unless now and then may be seen a hackney-coach driven very rapidly to the residence of some *accoucheur*, the city seems all quiet, except the printing-offices of the Sunday-morning papers, which are very numerous; and if you meet a genteel-looking man, well dressed in black, with both hands in his pockets, his feet tender, his shoulders rounding, and a Berkely cravat tied over his mouth, you may be sure that it is some 'compositor,' who, poor fellow! has just succeeded in getting through his week's work of putting into grammatical English the scratchy and blotted effusions of some Irish 'reporter' or assistant editor, who *does* all the heavy writing for the paper, provided always, that he may be allowed to provide for himself, by guzzling on all providential occasions. The compositor being gone home, is a sure sign that the paper is at press; and the machines which are used in London for printing off an immense edition in a few hours, may then be heard in all directions. Anon, the newsmen begin to arrive. These men, whose sole business it is to carry and deliver the newspapers, are a very useful class of society. In London, their life is one constant routine of hard toil, and while they are waiting for their turn to be served with the papers at the different offices, they are apt to be rather noisy in their merriment. They are a well-to-do, red-faced, mud-splashed, light-heeled set of fellows, and their troops of boys are what would be called in New-York 'pretty hard citizens.' There are three times as many papers published on Sunday as there are on any other day of the week. It should be here observed, that in England, custom has made the Sabbath the great reading day for the middle and lower classes, who are generally so much engaged during the week, that when Sunday comes, the boon of a day of rest is enhanced by millions of men with a 'pipe, a pot, and a paper.'

Daylight coming to London on a Sunday morning, is a great and glorious sight. The absence of smoke from the large manufactories, makes an agreeable difference in favor of viewing the architectural beauties of the metropolis. Every thing appears to understand that Sunday has come again, and every-body seems to say, 'To-day shall be a happy day, if we never have another.' Boots and shoes, and

gilt buttons, begin to sparkle in the sun, as if to greet the day with nothing but happy reflections. The barbers'-shops are crowded; and, while some wily tory will get into a corner, with a few friends, to read the leading article in the 'John Bull,' a hot-headed radical will take possession of the back parlor, and fill it with a crowd of 'the great unwashed,' (and unshaved, too, for that matter,) who will greatly applaud his delivery of some very expostulatory and explosive article in the 'Despatch.' There are few men who could take breakfast, unless 'the paper has come;' indeed, the head of a family may always be known by the possession of a newspaper at table; for, however much the young folks might wish to read the paper, they would not be guilty of the unpardonable sin of doing so, on any account, 'before father sees it.'

There is one very peculiar trait about London mechanics, as respects their fondness for periodically ruralizing. Almost every week, they have a sudden admiration for botany, mineralogy, ichthyology, or conchology. There is always some 'maggot in the brain' on a Sunday morning; and at the very time they have been hoping all the week to rest themselves, they are sure to get up earlier than usual, and go out with Tom This, and Bill That, for the ostensible purposes of fishing, shooting, or buying flowers, but in fact to go round among a certain number of gin-shops, and drink purl or milk-punch with old shop-mates, talk over old times, and inquire after each other's 'old 'ooman' and the 'young 'uns.' A very laughable instance of this kind was exemplified by a journeyman cabinet-maker, who for many years had been in the habit of thus going out with his friends on a Sunday morning, 'to get some water-cresses for the youngsters.' It is true that he always walked to Bayswater, and that he always brought some water-cresses home; but, by carrying them in his warm hand, and drinking so much liquor as he did, the water-cresses became saturated with any thing but water, and were not eatable. His wife, who knew him well, and had too much tact to thwart him, for he was at all other times a most worthy man, never undeceived him, but invariably led him to suppose that she gave them to the children. Poor fellow! he would sometimes look up suddenly, while reading his newspaper, and address her: 'I say, mother, did'st thee give the water-cresses to the youngsters?' She would answer: 'I have put them in water a little while, first.' The children used to say: 'How red father's face gets, when he comes home from Bayswater!'

The departure of the different stage-coaches is a pleasant feature in London; and as the most delicate ladies there are not afraid, in any weather, to sit outside with the gentlemen, nothing can well be conceived more spirit-stirring than an English stage-coach, with twelve outside and six inside passengers. The excellent condition and prancing gait of the horses, the red cheeks of the coachman, glowing with health, as he sits on the box with four-in-hand, the elegant make of the coach, and the smoothness of the roads, enlivened by the company going out to spend the day, the gay dresses of the ladies contrasting with the dark colors of the gentlemen's coats, as they sit upon the roof, just far enough apart to be comfortable, and just near enough to be friendly, all combine to make a great many converts to the belief, that an excursion by stage is one of the best methods of en-

joying the day. Many a pic-nic dinner and chance church-service is got up every Sunday morning, and many a bright eye and happy heart leaves the city for a few hours, to have a romp in the fields, and gather strength for the forthcoming week of study and business.

The rowing-clubs, steam-boats, and rail-roads, are also great outlets for parties from the city. Bands of music and gay colors go with them, and happiness runs after them. They are patronized by tens of thousands every Sunday. To Gravesend, Sheerness, or Richmond, are very favorite sixpenny trips; and with English people, it is not so much a matter of importance as to where they go, provided they can enjoy themselves, and let every body seek happiness after their own fashion; consequently, the ride to Gravesend, for instance, will be occupied with divine service in one of the cabins, or bottled porter, sandwiches, and a good dance on deck, accompanied by the band of music; to conclude with a dinner, and a bath at Gravesend before returning. The Thames is usually crowded with every description of craft, and all sorts of amusement are resorted to, for the purpose of making all parties feel 'just like home;' which is, to the mind of an Englishman, the height of happiness, even when seeking pleasure out of doors. The yacht and rowing clubs make a gay show on the river, and the boats of the Westminster scholars are much patronized by 'ladies' eyes.' Duets, catches, glees, and songs, are the principal amusements while in motion. The harmony of two French horns, or that of two Kent bugles, sounds much heightened in effect, when played in a boat on the water, and is a favorite manner of keeping up the spirits of the rowers.

Probably no sight in London is more interesting, than that of the household troops going through the daily ceremony of mounting guard in the different garrisons; and on Sunday, when the soldiers are going to church, the spectacle is very imposing. There are several military chapels, but that at Whitehall has the most attendants. The line is generally formed in St. James' Park, and, going through parade, proceeds from thence to Whitehall, where three or four different bands of music, (each band numbering thirty-six men, exclusive of fifers and drummers,) all stand in a circle at the principal entrance, and perform the task of 'playing in' the men, who generally exceed two thousand. It is a fine sight, the manly forms of the noble fellows bowed in devotion, their caps off and set down at the right hand of each, on the desk of the pew, so as to front the beholder; the choristers, chaplains, and visitors all joining in the service, which is considerably heightened by one of the finest choir organs in London. The same ceremony is performed at the Tower, and at about twenty barracks in and around the metropolis. When viewing the troops in St. James' Park, one cannot help being struck with the military power possessed by England, when he reflects, that the same identical ceremony is performed at half past ten o'clock in the morning of every day in the year, in whatever latitude or longitude British troops may happen to be posted; so that, in fact, the British national airs may be said to follow the sun, in a perpetual rondo of glorious martial music, from London round to London again.

Two o'clock, and sometimes three o'clock, is the time for the cabinet ministers to meet in privy council, which generally takes

place in Downing-street. It is on Sunday, at this time, just after Her Majesty has come from the Chapel Royal, that the most important cabinet business is laid before the council, and decided upon. Some objections have been raised to this custom, but the people generally approve of it. It is on these occasions that, in making a decision, the sovereign has a legislative capacity, but her vote counts as one member only of the cabinet which administers the government. The powers of church and state, sovereign and people, are balanced in England with much greater nicety than is generally supposed, in America. The cathedral service is always performed at the Chapel Royal, and the arrangements are grand and beautiful. The choir is composed of regular scholars belonging to the Royal Academy of Music, endowed by the sovereign's private purse, and under the direction of Sir George Smart. One of the best chapels in London, next to the Chapel Royal, is that which is attached to the Foundling Hospital. \* \* Every day in the year, cathedral service is performed throughout all England, and any man who can spare the time, may step into Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's cathedral, or forty others, and enjoy the beauties of a service and a religion, which are supported by the learning, the wealth, and the power of the British nation.

At the chapels of the different continental ambassadors, who reside in London, divine service is performed by Roman Catholic priests, belonging to the respective countries which the ambassadors represent. As the obvious intention is the accommodation of foreign residents, no person can be admitted, unless with a ticket from his ambassador. This makes the company select, without being a decided barrier to any one who will take the trouble of applying to any of the ambassadors; otherwise, the crowds who might go to see the grandeur of such a service would be very uncomfortable to those whom the chapels are expressly intended to benefit. Some of these edifices are small, being merely attached to the house of the ambassador; but the others are large, and the service in all of them is impressive and beautiful. There are always great numbers of continental singers in London, and they are very fond of meeting at church, so as to sing together, *con amore*. The churches of the Roman Catholics yield in magnificence to none in the world, except in point of architecture, and that circumstance is easily accounted for. In these, the solemnity of the High Mass, the heavenly harmony of the voices, the thrilling grandeur of the music, and the splendid composition of the 'English Lecture' which generally closes the service, are all of that sacred character, which would engage the minds of the foreigner or the native; the Christian, or the man whose heart is yet unchanged by the power of God.

The afternoon is the time when each person follows his own inclination, with more reference to personal enjoyment. Some take a late dinner; some take a glass, or perhaps two; some take a nap; some take a book, and some take out a new suit, to take an airing. The tea-gardens, which are so numerous in and around London, are sure to be well attended in the summer time, and in the winter, friends, relations, and visitors, will meet round the fire, which, finding itself hemmed in by such a semi-circle of red faces, does nothing but

return the compliment; that is to say, with the aid of a few timely visits from the coal-scuttle, and some of the 'Christmas lumps' sorted out for the purpose.

It is in the afternoon, that the mass of the people congregate toward the parks, where throngs of all classes pass in review before each other. The prince and his butler, the duke and his tailor, the banker and his clerk, the tradesman and his laborer, all meet here on common ground, and exchange salutations. The parks are mostly crowded from two until seven o'clock, and these hours are equally convenient for those who have dined, or for the nobility who are just taking 'the morning drive.' The inspiring beauty of the scene can only be judged of by the reality. To describe the splendor and magnificence of the equipages, the display of wealth, taste, and elegance, and, above all, the hearty sociality which marks every movement of the people assembled, would require the pen of a poet, and a charmed existence to the imagination.

The varieties of out-door attractions can scarcely be enumerated. For those who prefer aquatic amusements, there is the Thames, with all its panoramic changes of scenery. The bridges, of which there are nine, are any one of them an agreeable promenade. The parks, squares, and gardens, are all open to the public; even Kensington Gardens, the private property of the royal family, are thrown open from April to October, and are rendered decidedly the most fashionable resort. The ladies who visit these gardens, all appear to dress as if they expected to meet some of the royal owners during their walk. The gardens are so contrived as to exhibit every possible view which a landscape can possess. The air is scented with the most beautiful flowers, and all the perfumes of the toilet. The colors of the ladies' dresses, as their fair owners glide among the noble trees on the parterre, would enliven the eye of the most melancholy misanthrope. The endless varieties of the walks and views are such as to form a kaleidoscope of pleasure to the senses, and a sublime vision to the soul. On the mounds which overlook some parts of the wall that is built round the gardens, are ranged in solid phalanx the 'flower and chivalry' of Britain, the young men of the day, who have galloped up to view the passing river of fashion, grace and beauty, but are prevented from coming any nearer, by an order which forbids any mounted person or vehicle from entering the gardens. Many a love-scene is enacted in the bowers with which these noble gardens are ornamented; many a couple find themselves taken prisoners when the gates are closed at ten o'clock at night; and many a fair one has been helped over the garden wall, and compelled to show her ankles to her lover, in order to save her character at home. It is but justice to the ladies to remark, however, that in England, at midsummer, the approach of night is scarcely noticeable until ten o'clock, even to those who are not 'courting.'

All the mails in England are so contrived as to leave London at night, and arrive in the morning. On Sunday evening, however, the mail coaches go out one hour earlier than usual, having no letter-bags to wait for, since the post-office department transacts no business whatever on the Sabbath. The mail coaches going out of town is generally the signal for the people to return homeward, after the

ramble or the evening walk. Then are the streets thronged with merry pedestrians, who pace along with a sort of half-lively and half-weary shuffle, on the smooth pavement of the main thoroughfares to the town. The steady old citizen, who has walked to church with his wife, and both sat in the same pew, in the same church, for half a century, joins in the current, and essays to walk as gay as one of his own apprentices, who is dashing through the streets with a light-hearted swagger, accompanied probably by the first young lady that he has ever mustered courage enough to ask out with him. Many families are so situated, that it is only on Sunday the different members can all meet round the table of those whom they have been accustomed to venerate as the 'head of the family;' and many are the expressions of tenderness as the last psalm is sung, the last glove put on, the last song encored, the last joke perpetrated, or the last piece of parental advice received.

Notwithstanding so much has been written and said about the different ways of observing the Sabbath in London, it is now generally conceded, by old denizens and impartial judges, that there is no city in Europe where more deference for the day is voluntarily paid; and certainly there are few places in the world, where the same liberty of expression and unanimity of observance exists at the same time, and on the same subject. Thus, whatever amusement may be proposed, it is always taken for granted that the amusement is secondary to the religious purposes of the day. In a metropolis with so many inhabitants, and under a government of so much real freedom, it is natural for a people so situated to follow out their own ideas of the manner in which they shall occupy the hours of their Sunday; but with regard to deferential respect and holy reverence for the day, no people are more united and firm. The fact of not using the day with sufficient zeal, is a fault for which many of them are open to censure; but the general principle of holy regard for the Sabbath is thoroughly implanted in the breast of Englishmen, and is acknowledged in other ways than in mere show. London is always too well provided with great and good men, of all denominations, ever to allow public opinion to relapse into any general desecration of the Sabbath. During the last half century, the different denominations appear to have been engaged in a race on the road of improvement toward the spiritualization of the intellect. The glorious example of the government, the immense influence of the established clergy, the untiring zeal of the dissenters, and the philosophical spirit of the age, all combine to make London itself one of the largest and best-filled churches in the world for the adoration of the heart. The crowded state of the streets, just before and after the performance of divine service, furnishes a pleasing proof of the influence of toleration, and the blessings of religion. Upward of six hundred churches are open for every individual, from the orthodox Episcopalian to the wandering tribes of Judah, and even the debating Materialist. This is the true toleration of catholicity, and the catholicity of toleration. In this respect, New-York and London are very similar, and it is a similarity which does essential honor to both cities, as the pioneers of civil and religious liberty, all over the world.

N. D.



## LINES

WRITTEN BY LORD FITZGERALD, OF IRELAND, THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

FOUND AMONG THE MSS. OF AN AMERICAN LADY.

DEAR Ireland, my country! the hour  
Of thy pride and thy splendor hath passed,  
And the chain which thou spurned, in thy moment of power,  
Hangs heavy around thee at last.

Thou art chained to the wheel of the foe,  
By links which the world cannot sever;  
With thy tyrant through storm and through calm thou shalt go,  
And thy sentence is — bondage for ever!

Thou art doomed for the thankless to toil,  
Thou art left for the proud to disdain;  
And the wealth of thy sons, and the wealth of thy soil,  
Shall be wasted — and wasted in vain!

Thy riches with taunts shall be taken,  
Thy valor with coldness repaid,  
And of millions who see thee thus sunk and forsaken,  
Not one shall stand forth in thine aid.

Mid the nations thy place is left void,  
Thou art lost in the lists of the free,  
Even realms by the plague and the earthquake destroyed,  
May revive — but no hope is for thee!

## TORNADO IN WESTERN NEW-YORK.

'wild tornados,  
Strewing ocean's shores with wrecks,  
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,  
Is the voice with which He speaks!'

I PASSED a month or two of the last autumn in rambling over the western part of New-York, visiting the beautiful country of the central lakes; the shores of the Ontario and Erie; spending a few days at Rochester, Niagara, and Buffalo; and like a true Yankee, indulging in sundry speculations on the future growth, population, and wealth, of this prosperous portion of the state. The Ridge-Road, the Falls of the Genessee, the ever-to-be-remembered scenes of the Niagara, were of course not overlooked; but few things during my wanderings interested me more, than the course of a tornado through the magnificent pine forests that abound in the southern tier of counties; and from which millions of lumber, that now finds its way to Pittsburgh, by the way of Olean and the Allegany, or to Baltimore and Philadelphia, by the way of the Tioga and its branches, will, when the Hudson and Erie rail-road is completed, pass to New-York for a market.

I had entered the rich valley of the Genessee, the only river that crosses the whole width of the state; had passed upward to near

Angelica, the county town of Allegany county ; where I first saw the effect of a whirlwind or hurricane, such as could only have been equalled in that native country of the tornado, the West-Indies. The storm occurred on the 25th of July, and commencing near the western boundary of the county, swept across nearly its whole extent from east to west. Its course was from a little north of west, to the same degree south of east. The day was very hot and sultry, and where the gale first became severe, some fifteen miles from where I crossed its track, it was only considered a violent thunder-gust, such as is experienced every summer ; but it soon acquired such force, as, in places, to sweep every thing before it. In its progress, the same violence was not at all times excited ; some places seemed wholly passed over ; while in the same direction, and only at a short distance, whole forests were uprooted or crushed. In the words of one who was a witness to its progress, 'It seemed to move by bounds, sometimes striking the earth with terrible effect, and then receding from it,' which indeed it is most likely, from appearances, was the case.

In passing up the valley of the river, the pine forests are generally found on what may be called the second bank ; up to which the river frequently sweeps in its windings over the rich alluvian that constitutes what is emphatically called the Genessee Flats. This alluvial tract is the most of it under cultivation, and occasional incursions have been made on the pine-covered hills that bound the upper part of the valley ; but in most instances, the forests verge on the alluvian. Over this too, nearly on the line of the Genessee Valley canal from Rochester to Olean, passes the main road up and down the river. In the town of Belfast, where the tornado passed, some three or four miles below Angelica, the river washes the eastern bank, leaving the cultivated lands on the west side mostly, and of course these had to be passed by the gale, after it descended from the hills on the west, before the pine woods on the eastern side were reached. Some few buildings on the east side of the river, to the north of the woods, fell within the limits of the gale, and were dashed to the earth in an instant. At the point of contact between the valley road, (which is here forced by the river on to the secondary bank) and the track of the tornado, the former passes through what was, before the wind, one of the finest pine groves on the river ; the trees averaging upward of two feet in diameter, and from a hundred to one hundred and thirty feet in height, straight as arrows, and thickly planted. Through this grove, the road, winding to the south-east, passed for more than a mile, of which the track of the whirlwind covered about three quarters of a mile.

In approaching from the north, the traveller's attention is first arrested by the multitudes of tall pine stumps, splintered and shattered, standing some forty or fifty feet high, and presenting a most novel aspect. When the track of the whirlwind is reached, near the wood, the buildings unroofed, or still nearer, crushed and scattered like the card playhouses of children, leave no doubt as to the agency employed in their destruction.

I have been much interested in the beautiful theory of storms, advanced by Mr. Redfield, of New-York, and illustrated and defended by him with so much ability in the 31st volume of Silliman's Journal ;

and observation in various instances had convinced me, that the circular movement attributed by him to them, was in many, if not most cases, actually present. It now occurred to me, that a most favorable opportunity offered, to ascertain whether the tornado was rotary; or whether, as some have supposed, there was only a rush of air from the circumference to the centre, equal at all points, and with an upward current. If the current is rotary, and tending to the centre, there must of course be a current upward; and the difference in the theories consists in the affirming or denying the rotary motion. I consider the question of the rotary motion of storms, as more than one of mere speculative consequence; since if true, and its action were understood, it might be the means of saving annually many vessels that with crew and cargo now founder at sea.\* This theory also goes to add one more to the many proofs already existing, that all motion in free space is more or less influenced by the same causes, and governed by the same laws. The little whirlwinds that we see careering over the fields, in the sultry summer's day; the column of steam from the boiling cauldron, or smoke from the burning woodlands; the motion of that unknown something we are pleased to term the aurora borealis; and indeed almost every known movement in nature, when not overcome by counteracting influences, seems to indicate a common cause, and follow a similar direction against the motion of the earth, or from right to left. Shall this movement be attributed to the electro-magnetic current, which modern research has proved is constantly flowing in the same direction around the magnetic meridian; or shall we be content to leave the cause, at present, among the many other unexplained phenomena of nature?

Standing in the fields, a few rods from the northern verge of the woodlands, were a number of large pine trees, that had been spared when the lands were cleared. These were overturned by the wind, and lay with their tops to the west, or precisely against the general course of the storm. Standing comparatively isolated, as these did, there cannot remain a doubt, that the wind in this place blew directly opposite to the main advancing current of the storm. When at a little distance, so numerous are the tall stumps of the pine, that it appears as if the tops of the whole wood must have been broken off. On entering, however, it is seen at once, that far the greater number of trees have been torn up by the roots, and their whole lengths lie prostrate. Once in the wood, the scene is most striking. The trunks of the tall pines, piled into and across the road, in every possible direction, had required several hundred days' work to remove them so far as to render it passable; and a few days before I crossed it, the 'wind-fall' had been set on fire, leaving nothing but the long blackened bodies of the pines, in countless thousands, and giving an excel-

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\* WHILE writing this article, I have seen in a letter from New Providence, Bahama Islands, an account of the terrible gales of the 8th and 9th of September, which were unequalled for years in violence, and strewed the reefs of the gulf, and the Florida coast with wrecks. The testimony of various shipmasters bears most conclusive testimony to the correctness of Mr. REDFIELD's theory. At Providence, the wind was violent from the E. and N. E. for several hours, when there was a lull of about five or ten minutes; when it shifted to the opposite quarter, with the same frightful and destructive force; almost instantly driving under every vessel that had not, during the lull, made preparation for the change.

lent opportunity for observing the manner in which they had been deposited by the wind

If the reader will take a pen or pencil, and make a few circles on paper, sweeping round from the right to the left, continuing the line, and advancing it a little distance at each revolution, he will have a better idea of the evident movement of the whirl, and the position of the fallen trees, than can be given by description. The first rush of the tornado clearly prostrated or twisted off the greater part, and the regularity with which the under strata of the trees, especially toward the north and south sides of the whirl, were deposited, plainly indicated the direction of the force that had acted upon them. In entering the track of the tornado from the north, a large part of the fallen trees lay with their heads to the west; farther in, to the north-west or the southwest, as the layers were lower or higher in the mass; near the centre, they were mostly pitched north and south, though the upper layers exhibited great confusion; south of the centre, the tops mainly pointed to the north-east or south-east, until the south verge of the tornado was reached, when their heads lay to the east, exactly the reverse of those on the north side of the track. The trees that resisted the longest, exhibited the greatest irregularity in their position. Oaks, and on the margin of the lowlands, river elms, two or three feet in diameter, were wrung off or crushed down, a mere mass of splintered wood; and within the limits described, nothing small or large seemed able to resist its fury but for a moment.

That the common summer whirlwinds to which I have alluded, have an interior upward, as well as a rotary motion, is clear from the manner in which leaves and other light substances are by them lifted into the air, and when thrown out of the revolving current, fall to the earth by their own gravity. The same effects were observed to take place in this tornado. Articles from the dwelling-houses and barns torn down by the wind, were thrown out by the whirl in its advance on both sides of the main current, and at great distances from the place where they were taken up. Such articles seemed to be carried higher and farther from the centre at each revolution, until they were thrown without the influence of the vortex, when they of course fell to the earth. A number of occurrences, showing the great velocity and fearful power of the wind, were related on the spot, by those who had suffered from the gale. A house newly finished and ready for painting, stood a little on the outside of the severest part of the whirlwind, and near the margin of the river where it was crossed by the tornado. After the storm, the side of the building most exposed to the blast was found coated over with mud, evidently taken from the river, the bed of which had every appearance of having been swept dry by the wind, in the section most exposed to its power. In another instance, a farmer with his wagon and horses were at a little distance from his barn, and alarmed by the threatening roar, endeavored to get into his barn with his team. The storm was upon him too suddenly, however, and when the rush was over, (and the whole lasted but a very few minutes,) and he had recovered his senses, he found himself some thirty rods from where the barn had stood, in one direction, and his horses about the same distance on the opposite side, but entirely stripped of their harness! The barn, a strong frame

one, was scattered in every direction; and the wagon, torn to pieces, was carried high into the air, and thrown to every part of the compass. Indeed one of the wheels had not been found, at the time I passed up the river, nearly a month afterward. It is probable it was thrown into the river, or carried onward, and plunged into the masses of falling timber, to the east. Great as was the destruction of property, owing to the interposition of a kind Providence but two or three lives were lost.

To observers at a little distance from the course of the tornado, the black masses of clouds violently agitated; the heavy thunder and vivid flashes of lightning issuing from the moving column; and the almost deafening roar with which its progress was accompanied; presented a combination at once sublime and terrible; and forcibly recalled to the astonished beholders the fine lines of BRYANT to the hurricane:

'He is come! he is come! do ye not behold  
His ample robes on the wind unrolled?  
Giant of air! we bid the hail!  
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale;  
How his huge and writhing arms are bent,  
To clasp the zone of the firmament!  
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,  
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud!  
You may trace its path by the flashes that start  
From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,  
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,  
And flood the skies with a lurid glow?

To those who were within the vortex, there was no sound distinguishable above the rush of the tempest, the crash of the demolished buildings, and the frightful groans uttered by the proud pines, as by thousands they bowed, splintered and uprooted, to the earth. Coming, as I did, directly from Niagara, with a fresh and vivid recollection of its ocean of rushing waters, and its deep and never-ceasing roar, I can truly say, the impressions of irresistible power made on the mind at that place, very little exceeded those which thronged upon me, as I stood in the track of the tornado, in Allegany county. W. G.

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SONNET: TO DEVOTION.

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'Den! fos' il mio cuor lento, e'l duro seno,  
A chi pianta dal ciel, sì buon terreno ?

---

Oh! when the wild wind sobs upon the ocean,  
And the pine-forests howl in agony,  
And yells the hurricane along the sky,  
Commingle air and sea in wild commotion;  
Then come to me, thou Spirit of Devotion!  
And fling thy majesty around my soul,  
While in the sky the solemn thunders toll,  
And Night's high heart beats with a grand emotion.  
Then, while the keen and serious midnight gale  
Prepares its wild and melancholy dirges,  
And Ocean rouses his orchestral surges,  
And the trees creak upon the mountains pale;  
Let me but taste thy high society,  
And of thy soul, my soul a part shall be.

Utica, (N. Y.), 1838.

H. W. R.

## THE PIRATE AND THE DOVE.

'So DEEPLY moved was the pirate, by the notes of the Zenaida dove, (the only soothing sounds he had ever heard during his life of horrors,) that through these plaintive notes, and these alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence.'

AUDUBON.

Long had he dared the mighty deep, and heard its warning voice,  
By storms upraised, pronounce its doom upon his reckless course;  
And yet, the pirate heeded not the voice from ocean's cave,  
But stained with blood his daring path across the stormy wave.

The piercing shriek which rent the air, from 'neath his burnished knife,  
The thrilling, and quick-stifled prayer, of Fear imploring life;  
The sob of Innocence, that broke upon the midnight gloom,  
When childhood from its dreams awoke, to meet a watery tomb;

Were but to him, familiar sounds, nor yet regarded more  
Than are the flowing tides, by men whose home is on the shore:  
'Gainst all, the pirates heart was steeled, and e'en the cry that came  
From wife and babes, his own afar, his spirit could not tame.

But ah! the gentle dove prevailed; her soft and plaintive strain  
Pierced deep the breast which guilt had mailed, and terror warned in vain;  
As when the ancient Prophet heard the earthquake, and the flame;  
But only in the 'still small voice,' the heavenly message came.

And, gentle dove! 'twas thine to bear the errand from on high,  
To call from eyes long dry, the tear, and wake contrition's sigh.  
Thus oft when wrathful tones have spent their might, the heart to move,  
A whisper, makes that heart relent, from thee, blest 'heavenly dove!'

Cedar-Brook, 1838.

E. C. S.

## LOVE IN A LAZZARET.

— 'the cell  
Haunted by love, the earliest oracle.'

THE surface of the sea assumed the crystalline quietude of a summer calm. The dangling sails flapped wearily; the sun slept with a fierce and dead heat upon the scorching deck; and even the thin line of smoke which rose from Stromboli, appeared fixed like a light cloud in the breezeless sky. I sought relief from the monotonous stillness and offensive glare, by noting my fellow passengers, who seemed to have caught the quiescent mood of surrounding nature, and resigned themselves to listlessness and silence. Delano was lolling upon a light settee, supporting his head upon his hand, and with half-closed eyes, thinking, I well knew, of the friends we had left, a few hours before, in Sicily. Of all Yankees I ever saw, my companion most rarely combined the desirable peculiarities of that unique race with the superadded graces of less inflexible natures. For native intelligence and ready perception, for unflinching principle and manly sentiment, his equal is seldom encountered; but the idea of thrift, the eager sense of self-interest, and the iron bond of local prejudice, which too often disfigure the unalloyed New-England character, had been tempered to their just proportion, in his disposition, by the influence of travel and society. On the opposite side of the



deck, sat a young lady, regarding with a half-painful, half-devoted expression, a youth who was leaning against the companion-way, ever and anon glancing at the small yellow slippers that encased his feet, while he complacently arranged his luxuriant mustaches. These two were affianced; and by a brief observation of their mutual bearing, I soon inferred the history of the connection, and subsequent knowledge confirmed my conjecture.

The Prince of — had paid his addresses to the eldest daughter of the Duke de Falco, with a view of replenishing his scanty purse; and by dint of some accomplishments and much plausibility, had succeeded not only in obtaining the promise of her hand, but in winning the priceless, but alas! unrecompensed, boon of her affections. Often, in the course of our voyage, when I marked her sudden gaze of disappointment, as she sought in vain for a responsive glance from her betrothed, I could not but realize one fruitful source of that corruption of manners which characterizes the island of their birth. And not infrequently, as I saw the parental pride and tenderness with which the old man caressed his children, have I wondered that he could ever bring himself to sacrifice their best happiness to ambitious designs. Yet the history of every European family abounds in such dark episodes. The daughters of the south open their eyes upon the fairest portion of the universe, and during the unsophisticated years of early youth, their affections, precociously developed by a genial clime and ardent temperament, become interested in the first being who appeals to their sympathies, or captivates their imagination. The claims of these feelings, the first and deepest of which they have been conscious, if at all opposed to previous projects of personal aggrandizement, are scorned by their natural guardians. And yet when the warmest and richest attributes of their natures are thus unceremoniously sacrificed to some scheme of heartless policy, it is deemed wonderful that in the artificial society thus formed, principle and fidelity do not abide! What is so sacred in the estimation of youth, as spontaneous sentiment? And when this is treated with cold sacrilege, what hallowed ground of the heart remains, on which Virtue can rear her indestructible temple? The elder children, however, are generally the victims of the conventional system, and when its main object is accomplished, the others are often left to the exercise of their natural freedom. With this consoling reflection, I turned to the second sister, who was reading near by, under the shadow of a light umbrella, which a young Frenchman held over her head. Never were two countenances more in contrast, than those of the donna Paulina and Monsieur Jacques. There were certain indications in the play of her mouth and expression of her eye, that, youthful as she was, the morning of her life had been familiar with some of those deep trials of feeling, the effect of which never wholly vanishes from the face of woman. His physiognomy evinced neither intelligence nor amiability, and yet one might study it for ever, and not feel that it was animated by a soul. Upon a mattress beneath the covering, her shoulders propped up by pillows, and her form covered with a silk cloak, reposed the youngest, and by far the most lovely, of the sisters. Angelica had seen but sixteen summers, notwithstanding the maturity of expression and manner so perceptible above the child-like demeanor of girlhood.

Her dark hair lay half unloosed around one of the sweetest brows, and relieved the rich bloom of her complexion, as she dozed, unconscious of the admiring gaze of a Neapolitan officer, who stood at her feet. I had scarcely time to notice the exquisite contour of her features, when she started at an observation of her sister, and the smile and voice with which she replied, redoubled the silent enchantment of her beauty. At a distance from us all, as if to complete the variety of the party, stood an Englishman, whose folded arms and averted gaze sufficiently indicated that, for the time being, he had enveloped himself in the forbidding mantle of his nation's reserve.

At sunset, a fresh breeze sprang up, and the spirits of our little party rose beneath its invigorating breath. I have often had occasion to observe the admirable facility with which travellers in Europe assimilate. It always struck me as delightfully *human*. One may traverse the whole extent of the United States, and all the while feel himself a stranger. If a fellow-traveller engage him in conversation, it is probably merely for the purpose of extracting information, satisfying curiosity, or ascertaining his opinions on politics or religion, subjects so intrinsically selfish, that the very idea of them is sufficient to repel any thing like the cordial and frank interchange of feeling. This is perhaps one reason why our people have such a passion for rapid journeys. One of the chief pleasures of a pilgrimage is unknown to them; and it is not wonderful that men should wish to fly through that worst of solitudes, the desert of a crowd. In the old world, however, and especially in its southern regions, it is deemed but natural that those who are thrown together within the precincts of the same vessel or carriage, should maintain that kindly intercourse which so greatly enhances the pleasures and lessens the inconvenience of travel. In the present instance, a score of people were collected on board the same little craft, and destined to pass several days in company, strangers to each other, yet alike endowed with common susceptibilities and wants; what truer philosophy than to meet freely on the arena of our common humanity? Fortunately, we had all been long enough abroad, to be prepared to adopt this course, and accordingly, it was interesting to remark, how soon we were at ease, and on the friendly footing of old acquaintances. There was a general emulation to be disinterested. One vied with the other in offices of courtesy, and even the incorrigible demon of the *mal sur mer* was speedily exorcised by the magic wand of sympathy. I was impressed, as I had often been before, by the fact that the claims of a foreigner seemed to be graduated, in the estimation of the natives, by the distance of his country. Delano and myself, when known to be Americans, soon became the special recipients of kindness; and the ten days at sea passed away like a few hours. We walked the deck, when it was sufficiently calm, with our fair companions, in friendly converse; and leaned over the side, at sunset, to study the gorgeous cloud-pictures of the western sky. We traced together the beautiful scenery of the isles in the Bay of Naples, and the night air echoed with the chorus of our songs. And when blessed by the moonlight, which renders transcendent the beauty of these regions, our vigils were interrupted only by the rising sun. Even when the motion of the vessel interfered with our promenade,

forming a snug circle under the lee, we beguiled many an evening with those gamesome trifles, so accordant with the Italian humor and vivacity. Two of these sports, I remember, were prolific occasions of mirth. The president appoints to each of the party a *procuratore*, or advocate, and then proposes certain queries or remarks to the different individuals. It is a law of the game, that no one shall reply, except through his advocate. But as the conversation becomes animated, it is more and more difficult to observe the rule; many are taken off their guard by the ingenuity of the president, and commit themselves by a gratuitous reply, or neglect of their clients, and are accordingly obliged to pay a forfeit. Another is called dressing the bride. The president assigns to all some profession or trade, and after a preliminary harangue, which affords abundant opportunity for the display of wit, calls upon his hearers to make a contribution to the bridal vestments, appropriate to their several occupations. As these are any thing but adapted to furnish such materials, the gifts are incongruous in the extreme; and the grotesque combination of apparel, thus united upon a single person, is irresistibly ludicrous. The point of the game is, to keep from laughing, which, from the ridiculous images and odd associations presented to the fancy, at the summing up of the bridal adornments, is next to impossible. The consequence is, a series of penances, which, by the ready invention of the leader, who is generally selected for his quick parts, in their turn augment the fun to which this curious game gives birth.

On arriving at our destination, we were condemned to perform a quarantine of fourteen days, according to the absurd practice but too prevalent in Mediterranean ports. Seldom, however, are such annunciations so complacently received by voyagers wearied of the confinement of ship-board, and eager for the freedom and variety of the shore. In spite of the exclamations of disappointment which were uttered, it was easy to trace a certain contentment on many of the countenances of the group, the very reverse of that expression with which the unwilling prisoner surrenders himself to the pains of duration. The truth was, that for several days the intercourse of some of the younger of our party had been verging upon something more interesting than mere acquaintance. Angelica had fairly charmed more than one of the youthful spirits on board; and there was an evident unwillingness on their part to resign the contest, just as it had reached a significant point of interest. Being fond of acting the spectator, I had discovered a fund of quiet amusement in observing the little drama which was enacting, and nothing diverted me more, than the apparent perfect unconsciousness of the actors that their by-play could be noted, and its motives discerned. My sympathies were naturally most warmly enlisted in behalf of poor Delano, notwithstanding that, after exhibiting the most incontestible symptoms of love, he had the assurance to affect anger toward me, because I detected meaning in his assiduous attentions to the little syren.

The place of our confinement consisted of a paved square, or rather oblong, surrounded with stone buildings. Within the narrow limits of this court, were continually moving to and fro the occupants of the adjacent rooms, stepping about with the utmost caution, now and then starting at the approach of some fellow-prisoner, and crying

*largo*, as the fear of contact suggested an indefinite prolongation of their imprisonment. Occasionally old acquaintances would chance to meet, and in the joy of mutual recognition, forget their situation, hasten toward each with extended hands, and perhaps be prevented from embracing only by the descending staff of the watchful guard. It was diverting to watch these manœuvres, through our grated windows; and every evening we failed not to be amused at the ingathering, when the chief sentinel, armed with a long bamboo, made the circuit of the yards, and having collected us, often with no little difficulty, like so many stray sheep, ushered us with as much gravity as our sarcasms would permit, to our several quarters, and locked us up for the night. The variety of nations and individuals thus congregated within such narrow bounds, was another cause of diversion. Opposite our rooms, a celebrated *prima donna* sat all day at her embroidery, singing, *sotto voce*, the most familiar opera airs. Over the fence of the adjoining court, for hours in the afternoon, leaned a Spanish cavalier, one of the adherents of Don Carlos, whom misfortunes had driven into exile. A silent figure, in a Greek dress, lounged at the door beneath us, and at the extremity of the court, a Turk sat all the morning, in grave contemplation. With this personage we soon opened a parley in Italian, and I was fond of eliciting his ideas, and marking his habits. He certainly deserved to be ranked among nature's philosophers. After breakfast, he regularly locked the door upon his wives, and took his station upon the stone seat, where, hour after hour, he would maintain so motionless a position, as to wear the semblance of an image in Eastern costume. His face was finely formed, and its serious aspect and dark mustaches were relieved by a quiet meekness of manner. He appeared to consider himself the passive creature of a higher power, and deemed it the part of true wisdom to fulfil the requisite functions of nature, and, for the rest, take things as they came, nor attempt to stem the tide of fate, except by imperturbable gravity, and perpetual smoking. He assured me that he considered this a beautiful world, but the Franks (as he called all Europeans,) made a vile place of it, by their wicked customs and silly bustle. According to his theory, the way to enjoy life, was to go through its appointed offices with tranquil dignity, make no exertion that could possibly be avoided, and repose quiescent upon the decrees of destiny. And yet Mustapha was not without his moral creed; and I have seldom known one revert to such requisitions with more sincere reverence, or follow their dictates with resolution so apparently invincible. 'There is but one difference,' said he, 'in our religion; the Supreme Being whom you designate as *Deo*, I call *Allah*. We take unto ourselves four wives, and we do so to make sure of the blessing for which you pray — not to be led into temptation.' Of all vices, he appeared to regard intemperance with the greatest disgust, and was evidently much pained to see the ladies of our party promenading the court unveiled. 'Are your wives beautiful?' I inquired. 'In my view,' he replied, 'they are lovely, and that is sufficient.' I asked him if they resembled any of the ladies who frequented the walk. 'It would be a sin,' he answered, 'for me to gaze at them, and never having done so, I cannot judge.' In answer to my request that he would afford me an opportunity of form-

ing my own opinion, by allowing me a sight of his wives. 'Signor,' he said, with much solemnity, 'when a Frank has once looked upon one of our women, she is no longer fit to be the wife of a Turk.' And he appears to have acted strictly upon this principle, for when the *custode* abruptly entered his room, as they were all seated at breakfast, Mustapha suddenly caught up the coverlid from the bed, and threw it over their heads.

There is a law in physics, called the attraction of cohesion, by which the separate particles composing a body are kept together, till a more powerful agency draws them into greater masses. Upon somewhat such a principle, I suppose it was, that the parties convened in the Lazzaret, darting from one another in zig-zag lines, like insects on the surface of a pool, were brought into more intimate companionship, from being denied association with those around, except at a respectable distance, and under the strictest surveillance. Our company, at least, were soon established on the intimate terms of a family, and the indifferent observer could scarcely have augured from appearances that we were but a knot of strangers, brought together by the vicissitudes of travelling. And now the spirit of gallantry began to exhibit itself anew; in the Neapolitan with passionate extravagance; in the Frenchman with studied courtesies, and in the Yankee with quiet earnestness. At dinner, the first day, the latter took care to keep in the back ground, till most of the party had selected seats, and then, seemingly by the merest accident, glided among the ladies, and secured a post between the two younger sisters. This successful manœuvre so offended the Englishman, that he retired from the field in high dudgeon, and never paid any farther attention to the fair Italians than what civility required. The remaining aspirants only carried on the contest the more warmly. I was obliged almost momentarily to turn aside to conceal an irresistible smile at their labored politeness toward each other, and the show of indifference to the object of their *devoirs*, which each in turn assumed, when slightly discomfited. Nor could I wonder at the eagerness of the pursuit, as I beheld that lovely creature seated at her book, or work, in a simple but tasteful dress of white, and watched the play of a countenance in which extreme youth and modesty were blent in strangely sweet contrast with the repose of innocence; the vividness of talent and beauty, so rare and heart-touching. I could not, too, but wonder at the manner in which she received the attentions of her admirers — a manner so amiable as to disarm jealousy, and so impartial as to baffle the acutest on-looker who strove to divine her real sentiments. There is a power of manner and expression peculiar to women, more potent and variable than any attribute vouchsafed to man; and were it not so often despoiled of its charm by affectation, we should more frequently feel its wonderful capacity. In the daughters of southern climes, at that age when 'existence is all a feeling, not yet shaped into a thought,' it is often manifested in singular perfection, and never have I seen it more so than in Angelica. It was a lesson in the art of love, worthy of Ovidius himself, to mark the course of the rival three. Such ingenious tricks to secure her arm for the evening walk; such eager watching to obtain the vacant seat at her side;



such countless expedients to arouse her mirth, amuse her with anecdote, or interest her in conversation ; and such inexpressible triumph, when her eye beamed pleasantly upon the successful competitor ! The Neapolitan cast burning glances of passion, whenever he could meet her gaze ; quoted Petrarch, and soothed his hopeless moments by dark looks, intended to alarm his brother gallants, and awaken her pity. The Frenchman, on the contrary, was all smiles, constantly studying his toilet and attitude, and laboring, by the most graceful artifices, to fascinate the fancy of his lady-love. The Yankee evinced his admiration by an unassuming but unvarying devotion. If Angelica dropped her fan, he was ever the one to restore it ; was the evening chill, he always thought of her shawl, and often his dinner grew cold upon his neglected plate, while he was attending to her wants. One day her album was circulated. Don Carlo, the Neapolitan, wrote a page of glowing protestations, asserting his inextinguishable love. Monsieur Jacques, in the neatest chirography, declared that the recent voyage had been the happiest of his life, and his present confinement more delightful than mountain liberty, in the company of so perfect a nymph. Delano simply declared, that the sweet virtues of Angelica sanctified her beauty to his memory and heart.

There are some excellent creatures in this world, whose lives seem to conduce to every body's happiness but their own. Such an one was the Donna Paulina. Affable and engaging, and with a clear and cultivated mind, she lacked the personal loveliness of her sisters, and yet rejoiced in it as if it were her own. No one could remain long in the society of the two, without perceiving that the confidence between them was perfect, and founded on that mutual adaptation which we but occasionally behold, even in the characters of those allied by the ties of a common parentage. To this kind-hearted girl I discovered that the lovers had separately applied for counsel and support in the prosecution of their suits. Don Carlo begged her to warn her sister against the advances of the Frenchman, as he knew him to be a thorough hypocrite ; and Monsieur Jacques returned the compliment, by assuring her that the Neapolitan was by no means sufficiently refined and accomplished to be the companion of so delicate a creature as Angelica. Young Jonathan, with a more manly policy, so won the esteem of Paulina, by dwelling upon the excellencies of her sister, that she became his unwavering advocate. I confess that as the appointed period of our durance drew to a close, I began to feel anxious as to the result of all this dallying with the tender passion. I saw that Monsieur was essentially selfish in his court, and that vanity was its basis. It was evident that the Neapolitan was stimulated by one of those ardent and sudden partialities, which are as temporary as the flashes of a volcano, and often as capricious. In truth, there was not enough of the spirit of sacrifice, or vital attachment, in their love, to warrant the happiness of the gentle being whose outward charms alone had captivated their senses. Delano, I knew, was sincere, and my fears were, that his future peace was involved in the result. At length the last evening of our quarantine had arrived. Mons. Jacques had played over, as usual, all her favorite airs on his guitar, and Carlo had just fervently recited a glowing passage from some Italian poet, descriptive of a lover's despair, when sunset, playing through the



bars of our window, reminded us that the cool hour of the day was at hand, when it was our custom to walk in the outer court. As we went forth, there was that eloquently sad silence, with which even the most thoughtless engage in an habitual employment for the last time. No one anticipated me in securing the companionship of the sweet child of nature, whose beauty and gentleness had brightened to us all so many days of pilgrimage and confinement; and I determined to improve it, by ascertaining, if possible, the probable success of my poor friend. I spoke of the many pleasant hours we had passed together, of that social sympathy which had cheered and consoled, and asked her if even those narrow walls would not be left with regret. 'Consider,' said I, 'you will no more be charmed with the exquisite elegance of Monsieur Jacques' — she looked up as if to see if I really thought her capable of being interested by such conventional graces — 'or be enlivened,' I continued, 'by the enthusiastic converse of Don Carlo' — she smiled — 'or know,' I added, with a more serious and searching glance, 'the affectionate and gifted society of Delano' — a tear filled her eye, but the smile assumed a brighter meaning. I looked up, and he was before us, gazing from one to the other, with an expression of joyful inquiry, which flashed the happiest conviction on my mind. The passionate Neapolitan had flattered, and the genteel Frenchman had amused, but the faithful Yankee had won the heart of Angelica De Falco.

H. T. T.

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THE LAST SONG.

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WRITTEN AT THE SIDE OF THE CORPSE OF A FOREIGNER, WHO DIED SINGING A NATIONAL BALLAD.

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HER soft notes floated on the air,  
Like the filmy thread of a spider's woof,  
Hung from the frieze of a fretted roof —  
Dreamy and indistinct they were.

Ah! there was wo in its silver tone,  
And the living fingers that touch'd the string,  
Were wan and thin with suffering;  
She sang of herself — she was all alone!

As she sang of home, in another land,  
Her dark eye filled with a burning tear;  
She sang of loved ones lingering there,  
And the lute shook fast in her trembling hand.

She sang of home. Her tears fell fast;  
Father and mother were far away!  
She had left her home, in an evil day,  
To die in a stranger-land, at last.

It was a song of her early days;  
Ah! there was wo in that murmured strain!  
The brother she ne'er would see again,  
Had loved that simple roundelay.

The song was hushed. The voice that sung  
Grew faint and still in that dim old hall,  
The notes of the lute from her fingers fall,  
But her spirit had fled, ere their echo rung.

Kingston, Nov., 1838.

J. C. F.

## THOUGHTS.

— 'Defend me  
From reveries so airy — from the toil  
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,  
And growing old with drawing nothing up.'

COWPER.

It is in vain — the power is not within!  
The lamp of Genius lends my soul no ray,  
To light my name to immortality.

The bird unfledged, looks upward from the nest,  
Upward to yon cloud-palaces of air,  
Marks the far eagle poised on mighty wing,  
And seeks, like him, to soar through ether pure,  
And revel 'mong the sunbeams. All too weak,  
All, all unequal to the lofty flight,  
Falls powerless on some thorn, which pierceth him.

FAME! — IMMORTALITY! — Was this the goal  
Toward which my spirit spread its feeble wing,  
And with the strong-plumed dared the upward track?  
Glory, and Fame! — Fame to the helmed and crowned!  
Fame to the conqueror on his rolling car!  
Fame to earth's mighty ones! but unto me,  
A woman, praise from one devoted heart,  
The love of friends, and — *deathless memory* —  
These are mine aim — be these my meed, my guerdon.

New-York, Nov., 1838.

IONE.

## MY OWN PECULIAR:

OR STRAY LEAVES FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A GEORGIA LAWYER.

## NUMBER TWO.

AFTER all, there is no life so exciting as that of a lawyer. True, it is not mixed up with blood and battle. The cannon's roar and trumpet's tongue rouse him not up from his bed of earth, that he may slay or be slain; nor is he called to be a witness of the intense and heart-rending misery of a sick room, or a bed of death; to hear the dying wretch, in the bitterness of despair, invoking curses upon his Maker, and defying his vengeance, and then, his stern soul, quivering before the uplifted hand of the tyrant Death, imploring, in the wildest tones, for a few seconds of *time*, ere he should be hurled into an *eternal* hell; nor yet is the lawyer called upon to cheer the desponding sinner; to impart comfort to the weary and heavy laden; to view with delight the stray sheep returning to the heavenly fold of their master, God! None of this falls to *his* lot; at all events, not as a part of his vocation; for though he may mingle incidentally in such scenes, they are not the business of his day. Still is his life a series of intense excitements. Fame, ambition, the love of gain, each and all spur him on with their sharp goads. The court-room is a wrestling-ground, where mental strength is ever struggling to get the 'under hold' of the physical giant, and Genius and Knowledge are the moral bottle-holders, who aid the feeble and sinking energies, in the fearful combat with unfeeling knavery, and avaricious insensibility. It is a theatre, too, where 'each man in his time plays many

parts; and many and various are the scenes and characters that pass before the gaze of the practising attorney. Here may he study all the shades and varieties of the human character; its evil traits, its good affections; here may he view the hell of the human heart, the debased and debasing passions, that rush like demons through it, blighting every honorable feeling, and extinguishing every noble impulse; here too, may he see the modest and shrinking mind of virtue, speaking the whole truth, albeit the utterance of it may bring infamy to those who are dearer than its own existence; in short, here may he see, the tragedy, comedy, and farce of life.

WHAT a strange thing *character* is! Of how many myriad shades is it composed; how nice the line of demarcation between the honest scoundrel, and the man whose character is divided by a hair's breadth from the confines of roguery! Every thing has a character. Men, trees, stones, all have characters peculiar to their kind; and then, again, each individual man, tree, and stone, has his or its peculiar character, totally distinct from, and unconnected with, the general character of the genus to which he or it belongs. For example: the laurel is the dandy, the exquisite of the tree kind; the cypress and the yew are the mourners of the vegetable race. Then, there is the sensitive 'touch-me-not,' retiring with maiden modesty from the rude touch of the bold and reckless profligate; and the go-to-the-devil look of the 'old bachelor,' which imitates, with a perfection worthy of a better cause, the ugliness, selfishness, and uselessness of the unfledged drone after whom it is so appropriately called. This is the general character; but there is also the individual disposition. Who has not seen a melancholy laurel, looking as if it had been crossed in love? Or a sprightly cypress tree, like a lively young widow, arrayed in her second mourning, and seeming, in her semi-gay and demi-mournful apparel, as if she were ready to dance a jig on the tomb-stone of her *half*-lamented husband; or a rakish-looking 'sensitive plant', or a modest and graceful-looking 'old bachelor!' (I speak of the vegetable species; I charge no man with the absurdity of believing that he has ever seen one of the animal kind, that had any thing good-looking or good-feeling about it.) What observer of nature or nature's works has not seen each or all of these things? I, who love to pry into the inmost recesses of the *bona dea*, have often beheld, and been struck with it. Let him who doubts, plant two parallel lines of any species of tree; let him fix them as perpendicularly as he pleases, and after a few years shall have passed away, let him come back and mark the development of their different dispositions. He will see some buckish-looking scions of the forest, inclining gracefully toward their opposite neighbors, who in their turn, according to their respective characters, will either meet their complaisant fellows half way, or will have receded as the others have advanced. He will see the passions and vices of the man, developed in a slighter degree in the tree. Look at that fellow with the upright trunk, who has not swerved to the right or the left since the day he was transplanted, and who has carefully kept his branches from all contact with the plebeians, who are placed 'twixt

the wind and his nobility.' His vice is pride. He is aping the walking vegetables, who occasionally strut beneath him, and who imagine that a broad-cloth coat and a well-filled purse constitute them gentlemen, when it is apparent to everyone else, that it would require a force of forty-miracle power, to give them one sensible thought, or one generous feeling. Now turn your eye to the tree that stands the third from the one we have just been examining; there, to the right; see, how he bows, when the slightest zephyr plays amid his branches, as if he were paying his respects to all with whom chance had associated him. He is the politician of the set. And so I might go on, pointing out to you the various passions, and vices, and follies, which we so commonly see in man; but it would be tiring you, gentle reader, and the next time you walk into a forest, look and judge for yourself. It has been said by an eminent poet,

'Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined;'

But it is not so. This is one of those popular fallacies, which, first asserted by some master spirit, are taken for granted by the *commune vulgus*, without farther examination. If the poet had said,

'Just as the twig's *inclined*, the tree is *bent*,'

I would concede the correctness of the assertion. If it be true that 'the boy is the father of the man,' that the dispositions and passions of our youth still continue to exercise their influence over us in manhood's years, then, reasoning as our friend of the Dr. Johnson school did, 'analogically and progressively,' we may suppose, that the twig is the father of the tree, and that the inclinations of the one continue to actuate the other, until they 'fool it to the top of its *bent*.'

BUT let us leave the vegetable and return to the animal creation. If you would see the true character of an individual, look at him 'when he is placed on a stand, that he may be insulted with impunity,' which I believe is the latest and the most correct definition of a witness. Regard him, as he calls upon his Maker to witness, that he will reveal the *truth*, the *whole* truth, and nothing *but* the truth. Ah, how few there are among us, who feel the solemnity of the occasion, who hear the voice of God, and see his almighty frown, admonishing us, 'not to take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain!' If these were seen and felt, should we view the disgusting prevarication of every-day occurrence in our court rooms? Should we so often turn away with loathing and contempt from the exhibitions which the frequenters of halls of justice are compelled to observe? Better, far better, would it be, to abolish all judicial oaths, and to trust to the mere *ipse dixit* of those who are cognizant of the facts of the case, than to continue the worse than blasphemy, which hourly degrades our courts of justice. If human wisdom cannot devise some form to make the witness feel and reverence the name he is invoking, let human wisdom abolish the idle, the blasphemous ceremony. To see (as I have seen) a drunken magistrate 'qualifying' a still more

drunken witness, and having made him keep his right hand upraised for a quarter of an hour, while he was stuttering and hickupping through the legal formula, then concluding, 'Here you would kiss the book, if some d — d scoundrel had not stolen the only Bible in the office; but as I've got no Bible, please to kiss your hand;' to see this, and then to hear men prate of the obligations of a judicial oath, is enough to sicken any being who has any religious or moral scruples.

But to return. I can tell a man's character at a glance, if I see him sworn in as a witness. I can read him through, as he kisses the book. There are various kinds of judicial swearers. First, there is the reckless, devil-may-care oath-taker, who smacks the Bible as if it were the lips of the prettiest girl in Christendom. Put that fellow down as a liar; don't believe a word of his story, however plausible it may be. Then, there is the sanctified swearer, who rolls his eyes toward heaven, and bows his head half way to the ground, as he invokes his Creator's name. Put him down as both liar *and* hypocrite: a truly religious man would not make so much outward show of his heart-felt reverence. Then, there is the man who tries to kiss clear of the *cross*, or salutes the *thumb*, which he has dexterously interposed between the book and his lips; set *him* down in your mind's tablet, as liar, hypocrite, and fool. He is trying to deceive his fellow man by a cunningly-devised fable; ergo, he is a liar: he is assuming a virtue, when he has it not; ergo, he is a hypocrite; and he is idiot enough to imagine that by kissing his thumb, or not kissing the cross, he has cheated the Omniscient being, and entitled himself to perjure his soul, as it suits his interest. But the godly man, who feels the obligation he is incurring by the invocation of the Holy One of Israel, speaks his feelings so visibly by his countenance and involuntary demeanor, that the practised eye at once perceives and appreciates his character.

I HAVE not much faith in phrenology, but I am forced to confess, that there are some characters, which, if they cannot be explained by the principles of the science I have adverted to, must for ever remain riddles to me. I have seen men, who, if they were bribed to speak the truth; who, if convinced that the plain statement of a fact as it had occurred, would be as conducive to their interests as any prevarication or exaggeration concerning it; would yet equivocate and lie, in a manner truly astonishing. I will give you an example of this class, which will also serve me to illustrate the free-and-easy manner that prevails in such of our courts as are, with considerable pleasantry, denominated '*Justice*' Courts,' (*lucus a non lucendo*.) Old JOSHUA BANES, familiarly called 'Uncle Josh.,' by the youngsters of the neighborhood, and 'Epitaph Josh.,' (from the fact of his lying like a tomb-stone,) by the legal wags of the vicinity, is the person to whom I refer. One day, at one of these courts, it became necessary, for the identification of an individual, to ascertain whether, at a certain place, he had turned to the right or the left, and as the point had arisen incidentally, it was unavoidable to swear the only individual present in court, who was known to be acquainted with the circumstances, and that person was 'Epitaph Josh.' With

much trepidation, and after considerable consultation with his client, Josh. was put upon the stand, by the attorney for the plaintiff, who, after the old man had taken his place, accosted him thus : ' Well, uncle Josh., the boys around here say that you can't tell the truth by accident ; but I know you better, don't I, old fellow ? ' ' Yes, Billy, you 've known the old man too well, to believe all the lies told on him. I've kissed the good Book, my son, and I'll tell the truth as straight as a shingle.' ' Go on, then, let us hear all about it.' ' Well, you see, there was a pretty smart shower of old men at Joe White's 'entertainment,' and we got talking about old times, and the like, and after we had taken a dram or two, may be three, I started up the road, and as I walked along pretty brisk, I saw a man a-head of me, whom I first took for Jim Sikes, and when I looked again, I allowed it was Bill Thompson; and so he kept up the road' — ' Stop, uncle ; tell us now, you know that road, don't you ? ' ' Well I reckon I do ; I travelled it before you were born : I've walked it, man and boy, these sixty years, and I've never been a squirrel's jump from it ; there aint a green shrub, or an old stump on it, that I don't know by heart.' ' Very well, now go on with your story.' ' And so the man kept up the road, until he came to the Forks, and when he got there, he took to the *right* —' ' Huzza ! I said so, (exclaimed the enthusiastic attorney,) I said uncle Josh. would tell the truth when it came to the push ; the old man is the genuine thing, after all : you see, gentlemen of the jury, as he turned to the right, it must have been Sikes.' During this outbreak of feeling, uncle Josh. had received a wink from the opposing counsel, and without noticing the interruption, proceeded with his evidence. ' Well, as I was saying, when he got there, he turned to the *left* —' ' Halloo ! stop there, old man ; none of you tricks upon travellers ; you said, just this minute, that he took to the *right*.' ' No, I did n't.' ' Yes, you did,' exclaimed a score of voices. ' Well, children, don't *crowd* the old man so ; give him time. Memory aint picked up like chips. So I did say the *right* ; *your* right, as you stand to me, Billy, and my left, as I stand to you ; you know, my son, there are *two* rights —' ' Which neither make one *wrong*, nor one *left*, you old villain ! Now listen to me. The road that leads up from Joe White's tavern, is straight, until it comes to a fork ; the right hand side of the fork leads to Jim Sikes's house, and the left hand side to Bill Thompson's. Now, no more of your rights nor lefts, but just tell me, did the man you saw, go up Sikes's or Thompson's road ? That's the question ! ' ' I dis-remember.' ' You 'dis-remember !' you hoary-headed old scoundrel ! Have you not travelled that road all your life ? Have you ever been as far as a squirrel's jump from it ? Do n't you know every green bush and every old stump on it, by heart, and yet you can't tell which road the man took, no longer ago than last week ? ' ' No, Billy, my son, the old man is no chicken ; he is getting old now. I was born in the Revolution, and when the British —' ' Sit down, you gray-haired alligator !' vociferated the exasperated attorney, ' sit down. You have perjured yourself, from the word 'go ;' you have equivocated from Dan to Beersheba ; you have lied from Joe White's tavern to the forks of the road ; and if the jury believe one word you 've said, they are greater rascals than either you or the justice there — takes them to be !'



This is but a homespun sketch of a scene in a Georgia justice' court; but the professional reader, who has practised in higher tribunals, and in other states, has doubtless often seen individuals of the same class with 'Epitaph Josh.'

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M A Y H E W.

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'THOMAS MAYHEW, commonly called Gov. Mayhew, at the age of seventy, succeeded in the Indian mission, to the vacant office of his son, who had perished at twenty-eight, on a voyage home to England, and continued unwearied in his ministry twenty-three years, having to walk nearly twenty miles to reach the Indian village, and concluding his life and labors together, aged ninety-three years.'

AMERICAN HISTORY.

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SPRING's silvery clouds were floating light and fair,  
 And 'breathed in music' were the blue-bird's vows,  
 And scarlet flowers burst forth in sunny air,  
 Hanging with coral keys the maple's boughs,  
 And from its dusky cell blithe winged the golden bee,  
 And blossomed on the sod the low anemone.

And through the passes of the forest green,  
 And throng of columns in the wastes of pine,  
 An ancient man, with silver hair, was seen,  
 His pathway tracing, in no devious line;  
 Whom brake and thicket all in vain withstood,  
 And labyrinth untrod, of mazy underwood.

But sweeter melody than blue-bird's lay,  
 In these lone places o'er his spirit stole,  
 Low, filial tones, from earth scarce passed away,  
 Still echoed through the chambers of his soul,  
 And in the dim green woods, around him seemed to be  
 A voice for ever hushed, beneath the billowy sea.

And sound of parted feet to him seemed nigh,  
 All chance chords struck of memory's golden lyre,  
 For never more beneath the arching sky,  
 Might, as they walked, commune the son and sire;  
 Nor on the green-sward more, beloved foot-prints appear,  
 Where now he could but track fleet moccasin or deer.

Alas for him! the wave should break and fall,  
 Cresting and dashing o'er young heart and brow,  
 O'er raven locks, deep unto deep should call,  
 And low his hoary head in anguish bow;  
 Yet had the living sire been first recalled above,  
 What lesson had been lost of patient grief and love!

For o'er the green glades played the summer breeze,  
 That into life and bloom the wild rose woke;  
 And clapped their hands the multitude of trees,  
 The mountain-ash, the sycamore, and oak,  
 With interwoven boughs o'ershadowing the sod,  
 Where, lonely and bereaved, the missionary trod.

And autumn woods were tintured like the sky,  
 As o'er the earth its sunset glory falls,  
 And through the wilds the wanderer still passed by;  
 Winter with crystal paved the forest halls,  
 His sceptre dropping gems where summer flowers had sprung,  
 And to the pilgrim's staff the ice unyielding rung.

Patient he toiled, and to the red man bore,  
 In low bark hut, on banks of sunny stream,  
 'Sweet words of life' — of life, to die no more,  
 Of heaven, unpictured in the brightest dream;  
 And praise rose up to God, in ancient forests dim,  
 In accents wild and sweet, of holy psalm or hymn.

As danced the seasons in their ceaseless round,  
 The forest babe became a warrior bold,  
 Quivered and plumed, for chase or war-path bound,  
 Ere life's last ebbing sands the traveller told,  
 Or braved the wintry winds, he should not know return,  
 And at the fount was broke the undimmed golden urn.

On thy brief scroll of history enrolled,  
 Undying names, my native land! we trace;  
 And in the archives of the heart we fold  
 The records of our fathers' glorious race,  
 With Mayhew's deeds inscribed, of purest Christian fame,  
 That beautiful in meekness wrought, our love and reverence claim.

Boston, October, 1838.

L.

## A R E P L Y

TO THE ATTACK ON SIR WALTER SCOTT, IN THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR OCTOBER.

WE believe this to be a sound principle of retributive justice, that an individual who fails *fully to substantiate* such charges of criminality as he voluntarily prefers and perseveringly argues against another, must be content to *endure* the penalty which he sought to *inflict*. It is our purpose to show whether the writer of the review, above cited, stands in this predicament.

We premise one thing only — which we do in contradiction of this writer's assumption, and in exposure of the essential defect of his whole argument — that the every-day life (comprising the unpremeditated thoughts, words, and deeds) of the purest uninspired man that ever lived, cannot bear the test of a moral scrutiny which boasts nothing short of *perfection* as its standard; and, hence, that a man 'found wanting' under such microscopic investigation, is not to be successfully denounced as radically deficient in the very elements of honesty, by a fellow man who is necessarily liable, on the same ground, to the same denunciation.

We quote, in the first place, the writer's view of the moral obligation under which he has felt compelled to review the life and character of Scott:

'It is true, Mr. Lockhart appears to have a lively consciousness that Scott could and did sometimes grievously err; but in the very face of his own testimony, in the summing up of his case, he claims for his father-in-law a character for worth and probity, that is utterly irreconcilable with his own facts. This circumstance constitutes the predominant moral defect of the book; for when such a conclusion is audaciously drawn from such premises, the world sustaining, or quietly submitting to, the justness of the former, we are not to be surprised if we find the young and inexperienced following in footsteps that are made to appear hallowed. We think it time that the voice of truth should be heard, in this matter; that those old and venerable principles which have been transmitted to us from God himself, should be fearlessly applied; and that public attention should be drawn to the really distinctive traits of Scott, in

\* Delaware phrase.

order that public opinion may settle down in decisions that are neither delusive nor dangerous. The limits of a monthly periodical will not allow full justice to be done to the subject, but we may have space enough to set inquiry on foot, and to give some check to the progress of fallacies and falsehoods.'

Here is a pretty distinct recognition of the moral obligation which rests upon mankind for the observance of truth; and no very indistinct intimation of the proper penalty which awaits the disregard of it. Here is also a pretty definite assertion that the character of Scott, as delineated by Lockhart, is stained with fallacies and falsehoods.

We quote again, to show, in his own language, some farther reasons of our critic for reviewing, and also his general statement of the defects of Scott's character.

'Some who are entirely disposed to acquiesce in the justice of our opinions, may feel a wish to inquire into the *cui bono* of the exposures\* we are about to make; for the admiration of Scott's talents is so general and profound, that the imagination, in such instances, prefers to cherish a delusion in preference to giving up one of its own most pleasing pictures. The answer is not difficult to find. In the first place the failings, not to use a harsher term, of Sir Walter Scott, have been paraded before the world, in a way that really seems to bid defiance to principles; and, in their very teeth, we are called on to venerate a name that, in a moral sense, owes its extraordinary exaltation to some of the most barefaced violations of the laws of rectitude, that ever distinguished the charlatanerie of literature. We think it time that some one should step forward in defence of truth. In the next place, Sir Walter Scott is not entitled to the benefit of the venerable axiom of '*Nil nisi bene de mortuis*,† since he commanded that his personal history should be published, and designated his biographer. A man has a perfect right to order his life to be given to the world, certainly, but after thus openly courting investigation, no one can claim in his behalf, that he is to be protected against just criticism, by the grave. Sir Walter Scott did more; he transmitted materials to his biographer, for this very work, and materials that reflect injuriously, and in many instances unjustly, on third persons; materials, too, that he knew would be published after he himself was removed from earthly responsibility; and least of all can it be said, that they who have been injured by the strictures of Sir Walter Scott, in this reprehensible manner, have not a perfect right to show their want of value. The very fact of designating a biographer, unless in extraordinary instances, infers something very like a fraud upon the public, as it is usually placing one who should possess the impartiality of a judge, in the position of an advocate, and leaves but faint hopes of a frank and fair exhibition of the truth. Nor does this cover all our objections. Mr. Lockhart, as we shall soon, and we think, unanswerably show, was one of the last men that Sir Walter Scott should have selected for this office, by his antecedents, his long connection with a periodical that was conceived, and which has been continued, in fraud; circumstances that no person, according to his own admissions, knew better than Sir Walter Scott, and which disqualify him for the task, since a man can no more maintain a connection with a publication like the Quarterly Review, which is notoriously devoted to profligate political partizanship, reckless alike of truth and decency, and hope to preserve the moral tone of his mind, than a woman can frequent the society of the licentious, and think to escape pollution. We are not now following the loose example of the periodical we have mentioned, by dealing in unmeaning and frothy epithets, but that which we assert, we shall prove; and as our present object is connected with the sacred cause of truth and human rights, it shall be our aim to do it in the simple manner that best advances both. There is one more reason to be offered, why we think Sir Walter Scott, in this matter, is entitled to the benefit of no other considerations than those of abstract justice, and that is his Diary. In this Diary he comments freely and loosely on others, and yet he tells us that he has sworn never to erase a line that had once been written in it! We have even a right to infer, from the text and context, that some of these entries were made when his mind was not exactly in a fit condition to comment on others, and we find reason to believe, from the Diary itself, that he looked forward to its future publication.'

\* What does he mean by *exposures*, when he is merely treating of facts already published?

† *Prefers it in preference!* We trust that the man capable of that sentence, will never presume to criticise the style of another.

‡ Our critic's attempts at *Latin*, remind one of 'the Hero' of Major Jack's celebrated Letters. Quoth the brave old Gin'ral, '*E Pluribus Unum*, my friends, and *sine qua non*.' So our critic, '*Cui bono*, and *Nil nisi bene de mortuis*.' Now, *cui bono* is very good latin, though our critic do n't know how to use it: but *Nil nisi*, etc., which he largely calls a 'venerable axiom,' is as blundering a specimen of latinity as one professing to be a scholar could well introduce: furthermore, (to be very nice) by saying 'the axiom of Nil nisi,' he transforms his latin phrase into a latin author, and deprives us entirely of the 'axiom.'

This quotation is long and discursive; but, in pursuance of our plan of meeting our critic *on his own ground*, we must needs follow him in order, and reply to his points in detail. We may begin with the third sentence, commencing 'In the first place,' etc. This sentence embraces two material positions; but they are both simple assertions, and are both *false*. The failings of Scott have *not* been paraded before the world, in the manner stated, nor is the exaltation of Scott's name owing to any barefaced violation of the laws of rectitude—so far as appears from the 'Life,' or this critic's review of it.

'In the next place,' etc.; the *sequitur*, here, is very far from logically justifying severe criticism on Scott's memory: but as, in the next sentence, he (*rather incidentally*) speaks of *just* criticism, we will put the two together, and let them pass.

'Sir Walter Scott did more,' etc., the former of these two assertions requires specification and proof—and proof other than that contained in the pamphlet of the Messrs. Ballantynes, since that was published *after* the review was written: the latter, 'least of all can it be said,' etc., is a mere truism; yet our critic has managed to make it answer the purpose of a falsehood; for *he* does not pretend to be one of the injured—he doubtless is *not* one of the injured—but, nevertheless, he lays this down as a reason why *he* is entitled to make what he calls the following 'exposures.'

'The fact of designating a biographer *infers* a fraud'—perhaps it does; doubt it, though; but it does not *prove* a fraud; and *mere* inference wont suffice to destroy a well-established reputation. We would fain hope that our critic may never be guilty of a worse action than designating his biographer. Here, again, we except to his *sequitur*: we by no means assent to the position, that the designation necessarily is a *disqualification* of the party selected. Besides, Mr. Lockhart may, or may not, have been the last person Scott should have selected; this opinion, together with the proofs to substantiate it, are matters between Lockhart and his critic; but that Scott *wilfully* erred in the selection, and by such error has brought his moral rectitude into discredit, (for even to this monstrous extent does our critic's assumption reach,) *this* we most emphatically deny, and will proceed to disprove. Our critic's argument (or, as we have seen it announced, since we commenced this article, Mr. COOPER's argument) is this. I. Sir Walter knew and admitted that the Quarterly Review was conceived and continued in fraud: II., he was bound to know that a periodical thus notoriously devoted to profligate political partisanship, reckless alike of truth and decency, must needs corrupt its editor: yet III., he appoints this same editor to write his memoirs, knowing that he is thereby endorsing, as it were, the yet unwritten falsehoods of his biographer to deceive and mislead posterity: ergo, he is guilty, as principal, of all the misrepresentation, abuse, etc. etc., which his Life, now printed, contains. Of course this argument rests I., on the *truth* of the assertion touching Sir Walter's admissions: II., on the *truth* of the assertion as to the despicable character of the Quarterly; and III., on the truth as well as the justice of the corollaries from these two propositions. Now to consider them in reverse order, we would leave the *thirdly* to the reader's own

judgment, after the other matters are fairly and fully considered. The *secondly* is a simple, bare assertion, unsustained by any thing, unless, perhaps, Mr. C.'s private opinion; and it would be idle to estimate its *worth*, as such. The *first* position, as to Sir Walter's admissions, requires a more formal answer: not because it is any nearer to truth than the others, but because the critic has strained every power of his intellect to *prove this*; and has thereby given a somewhat illustrious specimen of his argumentative power. Before taking this up, however, we will finish our long quotation.

Mr. C. takes the trouble to assure the reader that Scott is entitled to no other consideration than abstract justice; a trouble which we think he might as well have spared himself, inasmuch as the matter is quite undisputed; he also says he has a right to infer that Scott sometimes wrote in his diary when he was not in a fit condition to comment on others — a right which we deny; and a remark which we consider to be in the last degree gratuitous and insulting.

That we may take up Mr. C.'s points in the same order as he presents them, we shall consider one thing more, before we come to Scott's admissions about the Quarterly.

The reader will find on page 350–51 of the October number of this Magazine, a dissertation on letters of introduction: we cannot quote it, for we shall want the room it would occupy. The gist of the matter is this. Mr. Thomas Scott, being constantly applied to for letters to Sir Walter, often found himself in the predicament where thousands of less conspicuous men have been placed: viz., the necessity of giving a letter to some one in himself, perhaps, unexceptionable, but on whom, for reasons of their own, either he or his brother was disposed to confer limited attention. As it was not admissible to refuse the letter, and as a letter so worded as to call for limited civility only, would necessarily offend the applicant, it seemed to be indispensable that some private mark should be adopted, by means of which Thomas could avoid the offence, and Sir Walter, at the same time, could discriminate between his guests. The latter, therefore, requests the former to sign *such* letters, short, T. Scott, instead of Thomas Scott. We think that the propriety of this arrangement will be obvious to any one who reflects on Scott's situation, and the absolute *necessity* he was under of limiting his civilities *somewhere*, unless he were really to give up every other vocation, and devote himself solely to the entertainment of company. Mr. C., however, thinks differently. He thinks that 'a little bootless civility' might easily be rendered to all: which opinion, if made applicable to *his own* guests, instead of other people's, would certainly evince a very hospitable disposition. But, letting that pass, he says: 'How easy would it have been for Mr. Thomas Scott to have given a letter generally and simply expressed, which should mean what it said, and which should not impose any great trouble on his brother; but this might have lost the parties a supporter!' We do not well understand what he means by *a supporter*; but we think it rather hard that the Messrs. Scotts cannot take the liberty of judging of their own affairs, without being subjected to such an impertinent *fling* as this. But this is not all, quoth Mr. Cooper. This private mark is not honest. It is deception. A man who will do this, would not hesitate to *lie* on other

occasions. Nay, the mere reader who is not shocked at such moral turpitude the moment he hears of it, *is wanting in the very elements of honesty*. 'If,' continueth he, 'the marks do not contradict the words of the letter, they are clearly unnecessary; if they do contradict the words of the letter, they become a deliberate falsehood:' in other words, no cat has two tails; every cat has one tail more than no cat; ergo, every cat has three tails.

With a correspondent of the New-York Mirror, who in a recently published article has anticipated some of our remarks on this and other points, we consider 'the *dishonesty* of the private mark as mere *twaddle*.' Nevertheless, if Mr. Cooper *will* have it a lie, and thereupon will consider Sir Walter a dishonest man, we will perhaps, by and by, for the sake of the argument, admit both his premises and his conclusion, and *apply* them, too, in a way that will not be altogether gratifying to him.

We come, now, to Scott's admissions about the Quarterly. Our critic thus introduces the subject:

'Were we to select any one letter of Scott's, among all those published by Mr. Lockhart, as completely illustrative of the man, we should take that to Mr. Gifford, on the subject of establishing the Quarterly Review. Its length prevents our extracting it entire; but it will be found on page 323, vol. 1., and we earnestly entreat the reader to turn to it himself, and to peruse it with care. This letter is Scott, from the commencement to the end; being full of talents, worldly prudence, management, false principles, insincerity, mystification, and moral fraud. The *professed* object in establishing the Review, was to set up another tribunal of taste, sound principles, and just criticism in literature. This was what the world had a perfect right to expect, and a perfect right to insist on. Any deliberate or premeditated departure from such a plan, was inherently a fraud; a wrong done to the laws of truth and justice, and consequently a violation of the standards of morality.\* Any advantage obtained to a collateral and unavowed object, was an advantage obtained under false pretences. Now we learn by this letter, the deep-laid scheme of deception that was practised on the public, the wily and unjustifiable manner in which the real ends were to be obtained, in gradually gaining the confidence of the world, by concealing the true object, until in possession of the public ear by a course of upright reviewing, the periodical might turn its batteries on those it was designed to injure.'

It seems that our critic could not quote Scott's letter entire, because of its length: this is true enough. But his implication that it would have served his purpose to quote it entire, is *not* true enough, as we will presently show. We will first quote from the letter every line which, according to Mr. C.'s notions of criticism (and they are *radical* enough), can — together with many which cannot — be so tortured as to warrant his strictures:

'There is one opportunity possessed by you in a particular degree — that of access to the best sources of political information. It would not, certainly, be advisable that the work should assume, especially at the outset, a professed political character. On the contrary, the articles on science and miscellaneous literature ought to be of such a quality as might fairly challenge competition with the best of our contemporaries. But as the real reason of instituting the publication is the disgusting and deleterious doctrine with which the most popular of our Review's disgraces its pages, it is essential to consider how this warfare should be managed. On this ground, I hope it is not too much to expect from those who have the power of assisting us, that they should on topics of great national interest furnish the reviewers, through the medium of their editor, with accurate views of points of fact, so far as they are fit to be made public. This is the most delicate, and yet most essential part of our scheme. On the one hand it is certainly not to be understood that we are to be held down to advocate upon all occasions

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\* 'Standards of morality,' this, being *in the plural*, is probably intended to refer to the honest man's standard for one, and the rogue's for the other.



the cause of administration. Such a dereliction of independence would render us entirely useless for the purpose we mean to serve. On the other hand, nothing will render the work more interesting than the public learning, not from any vaunt of ours, but from their own observation, that we have access to early and accurate information in point of fact.'

\* \* \* \* \*  
'At the same time, as I before hinted, it will be necessary to maintain the respect of the public by impartial disquisition; and I would not have it said, as may usually be predicated of other Reviews, that the sentiments of the critic were less determined by the value of the work, than by the purpose it was written to serve. If a weak brother will unadvisedly put forth his hand to support even the ark of the constitution, I would expose his arguments, though I might approve of his intention and of his conclusions. I should think an open and express declaration of political tenets, or of opposition to works of a contrary tendency, ought for the same reason to be avoided. I think, from the little observation I have made, that the whigs suffer most deeply from cool, sarcastic reasoning and occasional ridicule. Having long had a sort of command of the press, from the neglect of all literary assistance on the part of those who thought their good cause should fight its own battle, they are apt to feel with great acuteness any assault in that quarter; and having been long accustomed to push, have in some degree lost the power to parry. It will not, therefore, be long before they make some violent retort, and I should not be surprised if it were to come through the Edinburgh Review. We might then come into close combat with a much better grace than if we had thrown down a formal defiance.'

Now, *defying* our critic to point out a line *not* here quoted from Scott's letter, which will justify a syllable of his insinuation, assertion, or argument, against that letter or its writer, we here subjoin his farther remarks upon it, in which he, too, quotes, and garnishes his extracts with sundry italics and small capitals:

'It was alleged that the Edinburgh had embarked in politics, abusing its professions also, and that it was necessary to counteract its influence by a similar publication. The fair and honest course would have been, to assail the political opinions of the Edinburgh directly, trusting to reason and facts for success; and so Scott tacitly admits himself, for he censures the fraud of the Edinburgh loudly, and certainly he could not have believed that any fault of Mr. Jeffrey's could justify a fault of Sir Walter Scott's. We repeat the invitation to the reader to turn to the letter itself; to peruse it with care; to reflect on what the governing motive of one concerned in establishing such a work ought to be; to see what that avowed by Scott actually was; and we leave the result to his own judgment. In order, however, to point out how deep-laid was the fraud, we make a few extracts, ourselves: *'It would not certainly be advisable that the work should assume, especially at the outset, a professed political character. On the contrary, the articles on science and miscellaneous literature ought to be of such a quality, as might fairly challenge competition with the best of our contemporaries.* BUT AS THE REAL REASON OF INSTITUTING THE PUBLICATION, IS THE DISGUSTING AND DELETERIOUS DOCTRINES, WITH WHICH THE MOST POPULAR OF OUR REVIEWS DISGRACES ITS PAGES, IT IS ESSENTIAL TO CONSIDER HOW THIS WARFARE SHALL BE MANAGED.'

'At the same time, as I before hinted, it will be necessary to maintain the respect of the public by impartial disquisition, and I would not have it said, as may usually be predicated of other reviews, that the sentiments of the critic were less determined by the value of the work, than by the purposes it was written to serve.'

'I should think, *an open and express declaration of political tenets, or of opposition to works of a contrary tendency, ought, for the same reason, to be avoided.*'

Of the deep deception proposed in this letter, it is unnecessary to speak; but what are we to think of Mr. Gifford, as well as of Scott, when the subject of establishing a Review being in discussion between them, the latter gravely reminds the former, that *'it will be necessary to maintain the respect of the public by impartial disquisition'*—meaning, only, too, as we shall unanswerably show, presently, until the public confidence was obtained? It strikes us very much as if two well-dressed fellows should go out into the world, with an understanding that they would be on their good behaviour until they got into a set where gold snuff-boxes might reward their light-fingered dexterity.'

It will be seen, by comparing our critic's quotations with our own, that although he could not give, in his article, Scott's letter entire, he

did, nevertheless, extract every line and word therefrom out of which he could

'find or forge a fault;'

yet, according to his way of telling the story, the reader is led to believe that the whole of this long letter is one mass, one concatenation, of such diabolical mares' nests as those here dressed up for him in italics and small capitals.

We have now nearly finished our quotations of Mr. C.'s proofs of Scott's admissions, etc., and we will hurry through the remainder, after a few indispensable comments on the preceding long extract.

'The fair and honest course would have been,' etc., what the critic suggests here would undoubtedly have been *a* fair and honest course: but that such was *the only* fair and honest course, is a matter resting on his simple assertion, and nothing else: but, he says, Scott *tacitly admits* that this was the only fair and honest course. Scott does no such thing. The reader may look at the extract, and judge between us. Scott's censuring the Edinburgh was nothing approaching to such an admission, unless he himself did that for which the Edinburgh was censured — and there, to be sure, is the point at issue: but we shall not allow Mr. Cooper to beg the question after this fashion: he must *prove* it.

'We repeat the invitation to the reader,' etc. So do we. We wish he *would* 'reflect on what the governing motive of one concerned in establishing such a work ought to be; to see what that avowed by Scott actually was;' and, with entire confidence as to what his decision will be, 'we leave the result to his own judgment.'

As to the italics and capitals — we have read them over three or four times; and have come to the conclusion that there is not much *argument* in them, because the printer can dress up any thing else in the same way. The sentences themselves do not strike us with any more force, either for or against Scott, than they did and do in ordinary type: and, indeed, we candidly confess that, to our apprehension, the mischief in them is so effectually disguised, that we cannot see it even with the aid of Mr. C.'s typographical illumination.

'Of the deep deception proposed in this letter, it is unnecessary to speak;' here, again, we exactly coincide with our critic: but we can't easily reconcile his paradox of being compelled, by a sense of duty, to speak so very much on a subject 'of which,' he avers, 'it is unnecessary to speak' at all.

'But what are we to think of Mr. Gifford, as well as of Scott, when the latter gravely reminds the former, that '*it will be necessary to maintain the respect of the public by impartial disquisitions?*' ' We can tell Mr. Cooper one thing: he can *think* what he pleases about Mr. Gifford; but if that matchless critic were alive, his better part of valor would be to *say* as little as possible; especially, unless he could bring an accusation which, *unlike the foregoing*, implied something to his *dis-credit*. True, he goes on to speak of the *meaning* of that italicised line; but somehow or other, *his* meanings and *his* constructions seem all the while to be directly in the teeth of obvious, common-sense, honest interpretations: of which perversions, however, (to quote his own words in another place,) 'we should think

the better, (i.e. the less unfavorably,) if we could find a single instance in which they have not been practised for his own purposes.'

We proceed with his proofs. After a graceful digression, to show the hypocrisy of Scott's political creed, and to show, also, how he had *sold himself* to the royal family, he says :

' But to return to the history of this review, as it is connected with Scott. Bad as were the motives avowed, and unjustifiable as was the proposed mode of proceedings, it seems there was a wheel within a wheel, and that Scott deceived Gifford, as he wished Gifford to deceive the public. It is altogether a curious and melancholy specimen of profound deception, which Mr. Lockhart naively qualifies by the word frankness !' In a letter to his brother Thomas, page 332, vol. I., Scott draws aside the veil, and we find the real reason of his agency in establishing the Quarterly, which appears to have been entirely, or, in a great measure, at least, personal. In urging his brother to contribute, he says : ' He (Gifford) made it a stipulation, however, that I should give all the assistance in my power, especially at the commencement, to which I am, *for many reasons*, nothing loth.' ' Constable, or rather that bear his partner, (who published the Edinburgh,) has behaved to me of late not very civilly, and I owe Jeffrey a flap with a fox-tail, on account of his review of Marmion ; and, thus doth the whirligig of time bring about my revenges.'

Scott, he says, deceived Gifford : how ? Why 'he draws aside the veil, (!) and we find the real reason of his agency in establishing the Quarterly, which *appears* to have been *entirely*, or in a *great measure*, at least, (i. e., sort o' and sort o' not,) personal.' ' This is much,' quoth Christopher Sly ; but this is not the worst. ' Scott, *for many reasons*, was nothing loth' to assist Gifford, as he had promised : i. e., he was *willing* to do what he had promised to do : and — *vox faucibus hæsit* ! — having a grudge against Constable's partner and also against Jeffrey, (who were connected with the Edinburgh,) he thus gets his revenge ! We must acknowledge, this time, that we do not wonder at our critic's indignation.

Once again, Mr. C. quotes from another letter Scott's admission that, in criticising the Curse of Kehama, he reviewed it favorably : i. e., he 'slurred over the absurdities and enlarged upon the beauties of the work.' Now Mr. C., of all the men on the face of the whole earth, should be the very last to *complain* of the criticism which 'slurs over absurdities and enlarges upon beauties ;' but waiving the *ad hominem*, let us see what he says about Scott's admission :

' All this was worthy of a Grub-street hack. In the first place, we see the utter want of principle, which palms off on the public dishonest reviewing ; and then follows the miserable salvo for his own talents, by declaring what he *would* have done, had not the unjustifiable course he actually took, been part of the system.'

It seems, then, that if a critic, anonymously reviewing the poem of a friend, ventures to say what he thinks of the beauties, and omits saying what he thinks of the faults, he evinces 'an utter want of principle.' It is by precisely such argument as this, that, from the beginning to the end of Mr. Cooper's review, Scott's moral character is denounced.

But, 'he then declares what he would have done, *had not the unjustifiable course he took been part of the system.*' Our critic's manner of stating this, leads the reader to suppose that what we have here italicised, is a part of Scott's own words : and therefore that Scott tacitly *avowed* that his course was *unjustifiable*, and also *admitted* that he took that course in conformity to a *system*, by which he was

governed: but a more positive indirect falsehood was never committed to paper. Scott made no such avowal, or admission. It is our conscientious critic, whose 'duty it was to step forward in *defence of truth*,' who makes them *for him*, for the very creditable purpose of making out his case *against him*.

We come, at last, to our critic's summing up on Scott's admission that the Quarterly Review was conceived in fraud:

'But the whole history of the Quarterly Review is eloquence itself on the subject of Scott's motives, advice, and character, so far as he was connected with its establishment. In the first place, we have his letter to Gifford, a production every way unworthy of a man of probity, and still more so of a literary man; then his revelations to Thomas Scott, betraying a fraud on his brother in the original fraud, and his own precious confessions of the spirit in which he himself played the reviewer in this very periodical, so openly made, moreover, to a brother of the craft, as to leave no doubt that the practice was common.'

The reader has now the whole case before him; and, at least, it is *long enough*. To save him the trouble of referring, and to bring together the 'two ends' of the argument, we will remind him that our critic's argument, or position, that Scott brought his moral rectitude into discredit by the wilful error of selecting Lockhart as his biographer, falls to the ground entirely, unless *it is clearly established that Scott knew and admitted that the Quarterly was conceived and continued in fraud*. We have given Mr. Cooper's testimony on this point *in full*: and we have accompanied the same with our own remarks, extracts, and illustrations. We leave the result with the reader.

Our critic is very acute and severe about the omission of a date in one of Scott's letters to Ellis; and he insinuates that Scott *suppressed* the date, to conceal the fact that he first reviewed Southey's poem, and *afterwards* wrote to Southey that he had not yet seen that poem. On this point we remark, with all seriousness, that the insinuation is gratuitous: there is no ground, on the face of the transaction, as represented by the critic himself, for suspicion: he simply *chooses to suspect*; and having done that, he thus proceeds to substantiate:

'We are aware our suspicions would be unkind, or even unjustifiable, without more positive evidence, in the case of a man of established probity and sincerity of character; but neither Mr. Lockhart nor Sir Walter Scott can now come before the world with any pretensions to be superior to suspicions of this nature. Not to travel out of the record — and we could easily do it, if we chose, more especially in connection with a review of the Life of McIntosh, not long since, in the Quarterly, but we hold it to be unnecessary — without travelling out of the record, then, what moral insensibility is betrayed by the man who coolly exposes to the world Scott's false reviewing, and then audaciously claims for the latter a character of extreme goodness and virtue, that should place him above the suspicion of suppressing a date, at need? As for Scott, himself, had he actually written to Southey after he wrote the review, would it, in a moral sense, have been a worse act than the one he confessedly performed?

'Without more positive evidence?' Without more positive *brass*! There is *no* evidence. No *pretension* to evidence. And to talk about men of established probity! to aver that Scott cannot now come before the world with the pretension to be superior to suspicions of this nature! heaven and earth! *who is* this bravo of criticism? this common stabber? that presumes to suspect without occasion, and dares to vilify *because* he suspects!

Again. 'As for Scott himself, had he actually written to Southey

after he wrote the review, would it, in a moral sense, have been a worse act than the one he confessedly performed? — i. e., his reviewing Kehama in the manner specified. To be sure it would. As much worse as black is darker than white — as wrong is worse than right. And, in our judgment, a man who can coolly ask such a question, though he is not at all deficient in assurance, has something to learn about what he vauntingly denominates 'the very elements of honesty.'

Our critic next shows that Sir Walter, in writing at different times to two individuals, ascribes to *each* the honor of having been the architect of his little fortune. We pass by this without comment: stating it only because we wish to bring forward *every* charge made, that, in the end, the whole may be properly weighed and estimated.

We come, now, to Scott's review, for the Quarterly, of the Tales of my Landlord. Our critic says that Scott *volunteered* to write it. (Here, once for all, we beg the reader's pardon for making mountains out of mole-hills — for dwelling with minuteness on single words, and sentences: the truth is, as he will already have perceived, our critic's whole article is made up of these same *nothings*, and unless we go into this troublesome detail, we cannot *meet* his arguments.) Here is another of his assertions, true in one sense, and yet so stated as to have the effect of a misrepresentation. We will explain. Scott, at this time, was the Great *Unknown*. After the publication of the book referred to, Murray, the publisher, addressed to him a letter glowing with gratitude and gratulation on its success; and expressing his (Murray's) confidence that Scott was the author so decidedly, that Sir Walter was at first embarrassed as to the expedient manner of replying. However, he escaped the dilemma with much ingenuity. He assured Murray that *he did not claim* the authorship — that he had not *read* the work *until it was printed*, etc., and finally, to show *how serious* he was in his disclaimer, *offered to review the very work in question*, a thing which, he intimated, the author himself would not think of attempting. Hence, it is not strictly true, as an abstract assertion, that Scott *volunteered* to review his own writings. His doing it was a kind of necessary expedient to repel Murray's inquisitiveness.

Our critic also states that Scott, in this letter, '*distinctly denies*' his being the author of the book. We *distinctly deny* that he does any such thing; and refer the reader to the letter itself, Vol. II., page 26. Our critic then goes on to be very severe on Scott, for the act, *per se*, of reviewing his own work. The circumstances under which it was done being before the reader, he can judge for himself as to its *impropriety*: we are confident of one thing; whether or not he considers it *improper*, he will be *very far* from allowing our critic to record it as an instance and a proof of *characteristic dishonesty* — for to *this* end, and to this alone, is it introduced.

A second instance of self-reviewing is cited by our critic, as recorded in Hogg's familiar anecdotes. In this case there is a small hole in the ballad — the *fact* of Scott's writing the review referred to, is *suspected* by Hogg; that is all: yet our voracious and conscientious critic, without *asserting* any thing about it, *lets it go with the rest* to swell the catalogue of Scott's crimes: if the reader does not believe that Scott wrote the article, it is, at least, not Mr. Cooper's fault.

Three subjects argued in this review, viz: Scott's habitual deference to rank and power; his absence from his wife's death-bed; and his *interested and selfish motives* in laboring to pay the debts of Ballantyne and Co., have been so fully discussed, and so completely answered, by a reply in a recent number of 'the Mirror,'\* that it is needless for us to take them up; our views in relation thereto have been anticipated altogether by that writer; and we content ourselves on these points, with merely referring the reader to the columns of that periodical.

As to the legitimate claim of the reigning dynasty to the British crown — in discussing which we think our critic is more anxious to display his information,† than to accomplish any good purpose — we leave that to be adjusted by the reviewer and the Queen. So far as we are concerned, he may have *that* battle all to himself. We *hope*, however, that the October number of the KNICKERBOCKER will never reach Victoria's boudoir: the hammer-and-tongs logic of our critic *might* compel Her Majesty to 'resign.'

We have arrived, now, at the last of our critic's *serious* charges against the *character* of Sir Walter Scott; and, before proceeding to smaller matters, we pause, a moment, to survey the ground, and to compare our critic's *obligations* with his *performances*.

i. He pleads his duty as a good citizen, and his irresistible impulses as a conscientious man, as his apology for exposing Scott's moral delinquencies.

On the other hand, we claim that he has neither exposed nor proved such delinquencies; hence, having failed to sustain his charge, his apology fails to be his justification.

ii. He promises — as of course he was bound — to prove what he asserted.

We claim that he has proved nothing that he asserted in regard to Scott's moral dereliction: hence, his promise is forfeited, and his duty neglected. But of this, more anon.

Our critic says: 'It is in singular contradiction to this attempt at amiability, that Mr. Lockhart tells us, *no one dared* to let Scott into the secret of the falling off in the sales of his novels.' Mr. Lockhart's words are, vol. ii., page 172, 'the publishers were afraid the announcement of any thing like a falling off, *might cast a damp over the spirits of the author*.'

\* We will state here, (the correspondent of the *Mirror* having omitted to do so,) that the Ballantyne pamphlet, recently published, shows, as it seems to us, conclusively, that a large amount of the debts of Ballantyne and Co., at the time of their failure, had been contracted for the benefit of Sir Walter personally: from which it is manifest that his labors in liquidation of the debts of the firm were, to a certain extent, virtually for the payment of his individual obligations; and not, as the world had previously supposed, *solely* to free himself from embarrassments, in the creation of which he had no direct interest or agency. It is a matter of simple justice that this explanation should be made: but we give it here to prevent Mr. Cooper from hereafter *coming in, for the benefit* of these new facts (to him previously unknown,) in support of his old arguments. *He reviewed*, under the same impression as the public had long entertained; and the writer in the *Mirror* (very probably not having seen the pamphlet) replied to him *on his own ground*.

† We may remark, however, that his information is superficial; his conclusion disingenuous; or he (in his previously published political opinion *vide*, 'American Democrat,') insincere. To pronounce that *not 'de jure'* which both houses of the English Parliament, with the undoubted approval of the PEOPLE of the realm, enacted, and which both Parliament and people have ever since sanctioned and sustained, is, in effect, to *deny* that the will of the people, constitutionally expressed, is *right* — is the *law* of the land.



Our critic says : ' The man who could command some *forty or fifty* thousand dollars for a work like the Life of Napoleon, was aided by fortuitous circumstances of great account.' Mr. Lockhart says, vol. II., page 576, 'the first and second editions of the Life of Napoleon produced £18,000' — over *eighty* thousand dollars.\*

Our critic says : ' We have touched on this point, (Scott's labors to pay off the debts of Ballantyne and Company,) as great injustice is done to *others*, laboring under similar difficulties, by the senseless hurrahs of the world. It is probable that a *hundred cases* have occurred, *in our own times*, in which *writers have shown greater devotion* to their duties, suffering in toil and in unobtrusive silence.' We will thank the gentleman to vindicate his veracity by *establishing* what we have italicised in the foregoing quotation.

Our critic says : ' *Most persons read a diary as they would ponder over the parting sentiments of a dying man* ; whereas all its records are as much made under the influence of the passions, errors, and impulses, of this state of being, as any other species of composition.' What we have *not* italicised is true, as a matter of course ;

— ' there needs no ghost  
Come from the grave to tell us that ;'

but we should like to know on *what authority* he states what we have italicised ?

Our critic says : ' This diary, too, was conceived in puerility, and imitation, even to the affectation of the 'Gurnal ;' the whole being manifestly taken from Byron's record of the same nature.' Sir Walter Scott says, in the very first paragraph of this diary, (vol. II., page 444,) ' I have bethought me, on seeing lately some volumes of Byron's notes, that he probably had hit upon the right way of keeping such a memorandum book. *I will try this plan.*' Our critic's use of the word *manifestly*, as indeed his whole remark, would induce the reader to suppose that *he had detected* (not that Scott had avowed) the imitation.

Our critic says, in speaking of Scott as a writer, '*His incidental reflections were seldom profound or original.*' We have not the slightest doubt that it was *easy* for Mr. Cooper to say this : Hamlet, urging his quondam friends to play upon the pipe, assures them that

' It is as *easy* as lying.'

One thing, however, must be said in praise of our critic's *ingenuity* in this remark : it is so palpably absurd and untrue, that every reader of Scott will condemn it ; yet all those readers combined cannot *disprove* it. For if they should quote from Scott's works incidental reflections, which are both profound and original, enough to fill a

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\* THERE is an amusing fact connected with this misstatement. Mr. Cooper is showing that, inasmuch as Scott's pen was far more efficient in accumulating wealth than any other man's, the admiration of the world (induced by the vast sums he thus gained for his creditors in a short time) should be divided between Scott's devotion to his duties and his fortuitous ability thus rapidly to liquidate his debts : and, by the way, the argument is more nearly ingenuous and fair than any other in the review. But, so bent, so infatuated is Mr. C. to *underrate Scott in every thing*, he here states the amount received for Napoleon, at nearly one half less than he must have known it to be, when it would actually have strengthened his argument to state it correctly !

*volume*, it would be *easy* for our critic to say, 'All this is very true; but Scott was a *voluminous writer*; what you have extracted forms a *very small proportion* of the whole; and you will please to take notice that I said his reflections were *SELDOM* profound and original.'

Our critic says, (still speaking of Scott's talents, etc.)

'He had a just estimate of men, more especially in their vices and weaknesses; and thus we find, that while most of his loftier characters are the heroes of tradition, his representatives of vice are inventions, that betray an intimate knowledge of the corrupt workings of the human heart. The faculty we have mentioned, not only pervaded the writings of Scott, but it strikes us that it pervaded the entire character of the man. It was, in truth, the art of seemliness, of *vraisemblance* in delineation, of appearances in practice; and its effect, in the latter case, was to render that pleasing to the senses, which was in truth obnoxious to the censures of the right-minded and just. Even the very letters that we have quoted in this article, possess this charm of manner, and some of them will require more than one reading, to enable the ordinary observer to detect all their innate want of principle.'

We have no special remark to offer on this quotation: its justice, candor, and *Cooperism*, need no illustration.

Our critic says — but it's no matter what *else* he says: we have quoted enough to show the character and value of his review.

And now, in conclusion, what shall be said of this critic? He has come before the world, of his own accord, with ostentatious pretensions to superior virtue, honor, truth, etc., etc., and, under such high impulses, has assailed, with persevering industry, the moral character of one of the greatest men of any age or country. We appeal to the reader, to decide whether he has sustained his accusations *in the slightest degree*? Nay, we appeal to the same tribunal to decide whether, in the very act of accusation, he has not been guilty of a greater amount of 'fraud' than he has attempted to establish against Sir Walter Scott? If a negative reply be conceded to our first appeal, or an affirmative one to our second, *then*, as we intimated at the commencement of this article, our critic must be content to *endure* that penalty which he has sought to *inflict* on the illustrious object of his calumnies.

WAMBA.

#### STANZAS.

FROM THE MSS. OF THE LATE J. HUNTINGTON ERIGHT.

I.

They ne'er will bloom again,  
Youth's bright and glowing hours,  
When Passion led his train  
Through Mirth's enchanted bowers;  
In autumn's blight or winter's night,  
They ne'er will bloom again!

II.

They never may return,  
Youth's warm, alluring dreams;  
Their lights no longer burn —  
Quenched are their morning beams;  
Their sheen hath fled, their promise dead,  
They never may return!

III.

They can deceive no more;  
The loves of early youth;  
Their melody is o'er,  
And stilled the lips of truth;  
The heart is cold, the form is old,  
They can deceive no more!

IV.

They never shall decay,  
The hopes that Heaven inspires;  
All others may betray,  
But these eternal fires  
Live through all time, in every clime,  
They never shall decay!

## WINTER SONG.

I.

Ha! ha! ha! the blast rings o'er us,  
 Brothers! brothers! — we are one:  
 Bright the wine-cup beams before us,  
 And our daily toil is done,  
 And the wintry blasts are yelling;  
 But we'll merry be within,  
 Though the winds without be swelling,  
 And the storm makes savage din.

II.

Ha! ha! ha! — the gale is knocking  
 At the good old oaken door!  
 And the household pines are rocking,  
 As they used to rock of yore;  
 Brothers! brothers! — blasts are flying,  
 O'er the mount and through the dell,  
 Tempests on the hills are sighing,  
 But our yule-log crackles well!

*Utica, Nov., 1838.*

III.

Ha! ha! ha! — away with sadness!  
 Is it not a thing unholy,  
 To transform the hour of gladness  
 Into one of melancholy?  
 Storms may come upon the morrow,  
 But they'll pass as they came on,  
 Whether we consent to sorrow,  
 Or make merry, till they're gone.

IV.

Hark! the blasts their steeds are mount-  
 On the hill-tops white and bleak; [ing,  
 And the Storm his host is counting,  
 Where the mountain forests creak:  
 Now his cohorts are retreating,  
 Listen! — they have well nigh past,  
 With the noble music beating,  
 And their white flags on the blast!

H. W. R.

## OUR FOREIGN LETTER-FILE.

## NUMBER ONE.

## FROM CHINA AND THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

A FELICITOUS thought has just struck us, and this it is: 'What should hinder occasional transcriptions for the KNICKERBOCKER from our various and ample foreign correspondence? That which so delights us in the perusal, can scarcely be indifferent to our readers; and preserving always a strict regard for confidential relations, and avoiding all improper or irrelevant matters, we will essay the experiment. There is an ease, a natural grace and peculiar freshness, in the unstudied comments and descriptions incident to correspondence, which are rarely found in elaborate books; and these are the very qualities to win the attention, and satisfy the cravings for variety, of the general reader. We have letters from Rome, Paris, London, Constantinople, and half-a-dozen other eminent European cities, with several from even a more distant region still. For the extracts with which, on the score of convenience, we shall open this series, we are indebted to a favorite female contributor to this Magazine, who is not only entertaining herself, but, as it would seem, abundantly capable of eliciting entertainment from others. Her correspondent is an American gentleman, and a near relation, who has resided so long in the Philippine Islands, that, owing to enlarged mercantile cares, he almost despairs of ever becoming a resident Yankee republican again. 'I feel at times,' he writes, 'like a nun who has taken the veil, and listens calmly to the ceremony which is going on in the chapel below, to shut her out from the world for ever.' We are not without the hope of counting the writer among our liberal contributors; for he avers that he has 'an ink-stand crammed full of the

funniest incidents that could be imagined,' and with which he 'could an' if he would' illuminate our benighted western hemisphere.' And this we think he will do 'for love,' though not 'for money;' since no pecuniary 'consideration' would repay the discomforts of correspondence, under circumstances mentioned by the writer. 'Do you think it,' says he, writing from Manilla, 'a trifling matter for a man to sit down to his 'midnight oil' with the thermometer at ninety-six, and endeavor to arrange and conjure up his wandering ideas for a dissertation upon manners, habits, and customs, with the perspiration pouring from him like a deluge; a monstrous mosquito nibbling and growling at the calf of either leg, like a hungry dog, and bringing blood therefrom, in spite of his Nankin mosquito-boots; a cockroach tugging and kicking to make his way down the back of his neck, malgré the shirt-buttons; a '*bicho frayle*,' with a sting like a wasp, whizzing past and back again to the tip of your nose; three moths already in the lamp, and three thousand more aspiring to the same scorching preferment; rats fighting over head, dogs fighting in the Plaza; horses fighting, and biting, and squealing, in the yard, and the sentinel at the corner shouting '*Quien vive!*' all night long.' Ca! a man must be paid for *making a soup of himself*, (as the Dons say, when in full perspiration,) or he smokes his 'contrabando' in peace, while his pen snoozes quietly in its bamboo stand upon the table.'

WE commence with a spirited description of a day of shopping and sight-seeing, in the 'celestial city.'

'MY DEAR — : I have just returned from a day's stroll through some of the streets of this celestial city, and am all wonder and amazement. How fortunate for all married men, that the laws of this country prohibit all visitations of 'barbarian women,' as you are called by the celestial sons of Han! I am quite sure, that, could you have accompanied me in this day's ramble, you would now be frantic with delight. I went in company with a friend, formerly from New-York, for seven years a resident of this place, and who speaks the Chinese language fluently, with a Chinese shopkeeper, of the suburbs, as a guide. We first visited, (after passing through innumerable narrow streets, where we were jostled and stared at, according to custom, the little boys calling us all manner of names,) to a shop where they sell the beautiful mandarin silks, and satins, and crapes, which are brought here from the city of Nankin. These silks, etc., are exceedingly rich and beautiful, and so costly, that they are never purchased for exportation. They are sold *by weight*, and the variety of colors and patterns is beyond conception. You must see, to have an idea of them. The vender showed us a piece of plum-colored figured silk, for a lady's cloak, which was weighed, and the value calculated at sixty dollars. There are certain colors of silks, used by the mandarins and their wives, the vending of which to foreigners is strictly prohibited. By way of regaling our eyes with something never to be seen again, we were shown a piece of figured satin, color, '*celestial pink*.' To conceive any thing of the kind half so beautiful, would be quite out of the question. Nothing could induce the man to sell it to us. 'Were

he to do so, the mandarins would cut his head off;' but he said he would dye it another color, and then we might have it. I wished much to purchase it for you, and another piece of the same figure, white and very beautiful, for —; but prayers, and entreaties, and money, (even money!) were of no avail; and so I threw myself upon it, my arms around it, embraced and kissed it! I suppose that the 'Houris' wear petticoats of just such stuff. And then the crapes — *such* crapes! — the satins — *such* satins! — the network-figured white silk over-dresses, for a ball! Santiago! there was never any thing seen like it before; and when *you* visit this shop, be sure you take with you ten coolies, each one with a bag of doubloons upon his shoulder. The day was very cold, and the shop-keeper had on his winter dress of heavy, rich-figured silk, wadded with cotton, and lined with costly furs, from the north of China. From this we proceeded to the weaver's, and thence to the dyer's, and so on to all the wonders of the place. One would hardly suppose that the costly fabrics which I have this day seen, are made in narrow, desolate cells, with mud floors, and upon rude bamboo looms; and the dexterity of the weavers was surprising. We next visited the coral-cutlers and workers, cornelian-grinders, ivory-workers, etc., and passed on to the celebrated Temple of Longevity. The gods of the temple are colossal figures of wood, painted and gilded. Bacchus was a jolly fellow, with a *joutick* burning before him, and the god of the kitchen amused me much; a little fellow, with a monstrous 'corporation,' upon his throne in the midst of the cooking apparatus.

'The priests were extremely civil, and conducted us to every part of the building. We immortalized ourselves by cutting our names upon the wall, at the top of the temple, among a thousand others. One of the priests placed a mat in front of Bacchus, upon the floor, and asked me to bow down and knock-head to his godship. I gave him a dollar, and we parted the best of friends. I am thinking seriously of returning home (when I do!) by the way of the north of China, with the Russian trading caravan from Okholsk; and if you happen to be any where in Siberia, Chinese-Tartary, or Russia, some three years hence, we will stop in, on our way to Moscow, throw off our fur cloaks and caps, and partake of your breakfast with you. What lions we should be! my dear —; and *you* would present to your acquaintance your 'long absent —, just returned from the Philippine Islands, Kamschatka, Siberia, Chinese-Tartary, and Russia!' 'La! how wonderful!' says Miss So-and-so. 'Pray, Mr. —, did you find it cold?' 'Oh, not at all, my dear Miss; we got along very comfortably, with seventeen bear skins during the day, and twenty-seven to sleep under at night!' 'Oh my! Mamma, do hear what he says!' and so forth. But I am quite serious. We are to buy a small vessel to take us to the trading town of St. Peter and St. Paul, in Kamschatka, whence we cross the sea to Okholsk, where we join the caravan, and proceed, as before stated, to Moscow and St. Petersburg, Paris, London, and the United States. This is the intended proceeding, but three years may make great changes in all our destinies.

'On Saturday next, I shall start in company with my friend W——, on a trip 'over the far blue mountain,' to get a peep at the Actaz, or

aborigines of Sinaloan Lampong. These are the wild men of the mountains, and none of the foreign residents of the island have ever been among them. They are quite in a state of nature; black as thunder, and savage as lightning. In one of my many expeditions into the interior, I once came within a day's march of them, but am now determined to 'out-Herod Herod,' and have a peep at the 'Douglas in his den.'

A very sensible maxim is pleasantly enforced by a native, in the subjoined anecdote, which the writer turns to monitory account with his correspondent:

'You laugh at the silly mistake which occurred in the publication of —, and ask 'who was the printer's grandfather?' The Indians here have a similar question, which they apply to a stupid person; for when a friend makes a ridiculous mistake, they ask him, 'Where did your head grow?' which is rather 'a stumper,' to one ignorant of the laws of nature. While we are upon the subject of ideas, I will give you another, of my old friend 'Chuy-dian,' a Chinese. A day or two ago, while I was writing to you, into the office marched friend 'Chuy-dian,' to inquire, 'What news to-day?' He saw that I was busy, and drawing a chair close to my desk, sleeeked down his long, thin, Chinese mustaches, and looking very knowingly in my face, asked: 'What thing?' — a true Chinese question, and general with the sons of Han.

'What thing?' said he.

'Write letter-pigeon,' said I.

'What thing — pretty gal?

'Yes,' replied I; 'number one pretty gal.'

'Take care!' he added; mind what thing write. Nonsense-pigeon more better for pretty gal, for no 'casion to open the heart every time you open your mouf.'

'So bear in mind, my dear —, in your intercourse with the world, the saying of this wise man of the east, that 'it is not necessary to open your heart, every time you open your mouth.' The idea may be old, but I never heard it before; and as you may possibly be equally unfortunate, I send it to you, reeking from the celestial empire.'

Few who have ever sat down to compose, either in a literary or epistolary sense, but will enter feelingly into the species of grievance complained of in the subjoined passage, although the peculiar bores here cited, have not yet become indigenous among us, nor numerous or troublesome as exotics:

\* \* \* The inspiration is vanished! I had conceived no less than eight lines of poetry, surpassing every thing written, or to be written, by mortal or immortal bard, and was about to send it to you, when, Saz! the door was darkened by a long black friar, who drawled out his whining supplication for '*una pequena limosna*' — a trifling alms for the hospital of San Juan de Dios. This particular species of the genus biped is the greatest bore we have in Manilla. No sooner do you bestow a few cuartos upon the collector for San Juan de Dios, than another enters from San Lazaro; exit San Lazaro, and enters San Francisco; exit San Francisco, and, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, goes a little bell, when a little man, with a little black cross in his left, and a



little copper dish in his right hand, enters, and supplicates your sympathy, to the tune of half a rial, which you add to a little mountain of copper and silver already collected, which is to be given to the disinterested friars for chanting through purgatory the soul of an innocently-condemned rascal, who is to suffer death by the 'garrote' to-morrow, for the trivial crime of having ripped open the bowels of his wife and father! I added my mite for the benefit of San Juan de Dios, and sent the friar to the devil, whither my inspiration had already preceded him.'

One or two fragments of criticism and literary predilection, will bring us to the end of our tether; for we are 'brought up with a round turn,' by numerous and various matters demanded for our own department:

'I look upon Byron as the Columbus of all poetical discoverers, whose greatest enemy has been his private character, which an unjust world has allowed to weigh too heavily against his fame as an author. Moore did the worst office to his departed friend, in publishing his profligate life; nevertheless, if people would but deal justly with his public character, his mighty genius as a poet, and judge him calmly, with a mind divested of all prejudices of a private nature, he would shine forth like the north star, or north pole, to all the Ross and Parry navigators in the regions of poetry. But it can never be. The base majority (in number) will never humble themselves to acknowledge that one man, and one alone, has outstripped them like the wind, leaving them plodding on in their rush-light darkness, while he shines upon them, in his heaven above, like the sun. What is there in ancient or modern poetry, to compare with 'The Prophecy of Dante,' 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' 'Manfred,' and parts of 'Marino Faliero?'

'The Editor of the 'American Monthly,' I see, valiantly belabors N. P. WILLIS through a dozen pages, and then, by way of easing the infliction a little, quotes his 'Autumn,' as a redeeming feature in his writings, in which he suffers or passes over such lines as, 'Sun-beams laced through the tree tops,' like a variegated string through a lady's corset or her boots; and 'Fused in the *alembic* of the west,' which is rank nonsense. How, in the name of common sense, can you apply, with propriety, this idea of *fusing* in an *alembic*? To '*fuse*,' is 'to liquefy, to melt,' and applies to solids, such as metals, and other *hard* substances, and is an operation performed by the agency of chemical fires, crucibles, and strong heats, such as are produced in smelting furnaces; and an *alembic* is a 'still-machine for distilling,' and used almost exclusively by those who never in their lives have performed the operation of *fusing*. You may put me off with the answer, that Mr. Willis has availed himself of a poetical license; but I think a chemist would tell you, that it approaches nearer to poetical nonsense.'

For other original epistolary varieties, from foreign countries, as well as a series of domestic correspondence, the reader is respectfully referred to the forthcoming VOLUME THIRTEEN, in which, moreover, it shall go hard but many other things shall be found, to please the taste, and satisfy the judgment, of the tasteful and the judicious.

## THE LEAF AND THE WORM.

BY EDWARD MATURIN.

## LEAF.

Through many a month that was fresh and fair,  
 When the spring was green, and the summer gay,  
 I have drank the dew of the morning air,  
 And bask'd in the golden light of day;  
 But the autumn blast hath chill'd my core,  
 The canker-worm hath made me sere,  
 And the hues which in my prime I wore,  
 Have faded with the waning year.

My bloom is gone, my sap is dry,  
 Nor health nor moisture feeds me now;  
 And the carol I sang 'twixt earth and sky,  
 Is echoed by the leafless bough.  
 Ah! little I thought, in my morning hour,  
 When Beauty hath envied my robe of green,  
 That the smiling heav'n so soon would lower,  
 And the tempest sport where I had been.

Through many a month I have danc'd and sung,  
 And dallied with the wanton air,  
 But Autumn's chilling hand unstrung  
 The lyre whose music linger'd there;  
 Yet why should I grieve? For the balmy breath  
 Which woo'd my birth, and brighten'd my bloom,  
 Will sing in the hour of withering death,  
 And wait me to my autumn tomb!

## WORM.

From the depths of earth, where beauty and might  
 Are sleeping the sleep of eternal night,  
 Where night and day, not a living ray  
 Falls from the urn of liquid light,  
 I come, I come, like a conqueror proud;  
 My shaft is death, and my robe is the shroud;  
 And I laugh to think, when parts the link  
 Of life, like the flash from the cloud.

For beauty and might are my spoil, I ween;  
 Though the lip be red, and the leaf be green;  
 No spies I have in my mouldy cave,  
 To tell the terrors which they have seen;  
 The warrior may die in his conquest-hour,  
 From the hand of the monarch the sceptre may fall,  
 But they are my slaves, and the arm of my power  
 Waveth in triumph over them all!

Down, down with their throne! they are perished and gone;  
 Their darkness and dust are my carnival;  
 The sceptre and throne are but baubles to me,  
 Or the monarch that sitteth thereon;  
 I canker them all as the time-honored tree,  
 Or the ivy the mouldering stone;  
 Oh! to banquet on them is my revelry,  
 And scatter their atoms one by one!

Famine and Sword may boast of their chain,  
 And Disease may vaunt her wasting pain;  
 But my slaves are they, who my hests obey,  
 Smiting my victims o'er land and main;  
 They live but for me, and for me they die,  
 To give me a dainty banquet;

The damask cheek, and the lustrous eye,  
The hues and odors of leafy spring,  
Are the trophies I pile from my victory.

Mere viands they, for my ghastly board,  
Gather'd by Famine, Disease, and Sword!  
Oh! 't is joy to me, when I hear the groan  
Of the dying, rack'd on suffering's bed;  
And my satellites crawl through their moulder'd hall,  
When they hear the cold sepulchral stone  
Laid on the breast of the pulseless dead;  
And what reck I for silver or gold,  
For which human hearts are bought and sold?  
For both I command in my fairy land,  
Where their column'd piles light my lonely way  
With the glimmer of their ghastly ray!

Time! Time! on thy chariot wheels roll on!  
The veil of thy years may dim the sun,  
And the fading stars forget to pour  
The light they have shed so long before;  
The moon shall discard her mantle white  
She hath flung o'er the sleeping abyss of night;  
And the wonders of heaven, the sun and the sky,  
(Those isles in the sea of eternity)  
Shall dissolve like a meteor-flash in air,  
When the cloudy hosts meet in thunder there;  
But mine must they be, and for me must they fall,  
While my kingdom of mould shall outlive them all!

## LEAF.

Through many a bright and balmy hour,  
When the earth was green, and the heav'n was gay,  
Aloft have I swung in my air-woven bower,  
Nurs'd by the heat of the noontide ray;  
Like a child when it sleeps on its mother's breast,  
Whose pulse is the soul and the dream of its rest,  
For months have I hung on that parent-bough,  
And why wilt thou canker and sever me now?

## WORM.

The verdant hue of spring has past,  
The 'sere and yellow' stain the leaf,  
And the wailing of the autumn blast,  
Like Nature in her hour of grief,  
Sweeps o'er the mountain, through the vale,  
Nor spares a leaf of tree or flower;  
The ruddy cheek of Spring turns pale,  
As she sits and weeps in her wither'd bower!

## RELIGION OF NATURE.

WHEN, with wild roar, the gloomy tempests twist  
Their coal-black turbans round the mountain's brow,  
And the old pines in plumed legions bow,  
And scream the eagles through the mountain-mist,  
As through the night they hear the thunder pealing  
Amid the time-scathed oaks, and cedars reeling;  
When grumbles in its home the savage linn,  
And o'er the sea the battling whirlwinds spin;  
Oh! then, while shrink the mighty hills aghast,  
And the waves howl upon the ocean-main,  
And the fierce lightning shakes its burning chain,  
As the torn cohorts of the storm move past;  
'Let me but taste thy high society,  
And of thy soul, my soul a part shall be!'

## TWO DESULTORY CHAPTERS.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME, BY THE AUTHOR OF 'COURTSHIP,' 'JOHN JENKINS,' ETC.

THE EDITOR AND THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

'I'm twenty-five,' said FRANK THORNTON, as he rose from his pillow, on a delightful morning in spring. 'And what have I done?' was the question that he immediately addressed to himself.

'Ah, what have I done?' is the question that extorts the sigh, perhaps the tear, from the best of us. It seems our fate not to be able to answer that query satisfactorily to ourselves. Franklin says, that in reviewing his life, he finds he has committed two mistakes—and how many errors? It is not our want of policy that tortures us, but it is the want of obedience to those everlasting principles of truth, which rise on our path like the pillar of fire before the Jews, but whose light we reject. This is what makes memory a scorpion, which stings us, when our past life comes up and condemns us for our sins of omission, as well as those of commission.

Frank threw himself into a chair at the window, and looked out on the beautiful little garden beneath him. His mind was soon busied with the past. He recounted his hopes and his fears, his failures and his successes. Again he seemed to sip at the sparkling fountains of bliss, and then the Marah of the wilderness—the bitter spring of wo—dashed its waters at his feet. His life had been a mingled picture—much light, and some deep shadow. He was happier than he had been; and he buried his face in his hands, and for a few moments wept—thankfully! He soon raised his head, and brushed aside the tangled locks that concealed his ample brow. Tears, at times, afford great relief; and in the present instance, Frank felt as if a mountain had been lifted from his heart. The birds were singing blithely below him, and the morning air breathed freshness. His heart responded to the refreshing influences which were abroad, and he was soon revelling in visions of happiness.

A thought recalled his mind to reality. A weekly literary paper had been projected; he had been selected for its editor; and on this, his birth-day, its first number was to appear. That Frank was ambitious, is most true, but his ambition was restricted within certain limits, by the principles which he had adopted for the government of his conduct. He was desirous of literary reputation, but he would not have accepted it, if any sacrifice of integrity were required as its price. No ill-regulated desire for fame, at all hazards, ever took possession of his mind; but his wish was to be admired by his fellows for the greatness of his intellect, and the goodness of his heart.

Frank began his literary career on principles which he considered strictly compatible with the highest success. And he was determined to retire from literary pursuits, whenever he found their successful prosecution at variance with the peace of his mind, and the purity of his intentions. He had been indefatigable in the preparation of articles which he presumed would give to his periodical a respectable character. In the important business of criticism, he had resolved

on abstaining from undeserved severity, on the one hand, and undue praise on the other. As far as was practicable, he meant to be just. He determined that the interest of virtue should receive no detriment from his hands; and considering the union of high intellectual power and religious feeling as the most desirable attainment, he concluded to do all that he could toward recommending their united loveliness to the consideration of all over whom his influence might extend.

His pride was involved in the present effort; and as he descended to the dining-room, a thrill of delightful anticipation shot through his bosom.

'Why, brother, you are lazy this morning. I have watered the flowers, fed my bird, and read, I don't know how many pages, in Thomson's Seasons,' said a light-hearted voice to him, as he entered the room.

'You are too active, sister, for my rivalry. What part of the Seasons have you been reading.'

'The latter part of the first book; that on domestic love.'

'That is the finest part of the whole poem. How did you like it?'

'I've been delighted.'

They were by this time seated at the breakfast table. Susan Thornton was Frank's eldest sister, and had just entered into the full blush of her womanhood. She was nineteen, though she would have passed for younger. She was less than the ordinary stature of woman; but her form was essentially perfect. The most noticeable feature of her face, was her dark, lively, penetrating eye. There was a mischievous smile usually lurking about her mouth, that added to the effect of her eye, and gave to her expression a mingled look of archness and strength. Her spirits flowed from an inexhaustible fountain, and cast a charm wherever their influence fell. She had the reputation of being a little coquettish, but like many others, who are fond of flirtation, her exterior but masked the genuine nature which dwelt within. Her strength and sincerity were adequate to the formation of an enduring tie around any object, in which her affections might become interested.

While at breakfast, a note was handed to her from her friend Mary Ellwood, requesting her to come and spend the day with her, as she should be alone and lonesome without her. The note ended with a postscript, requesting her to tell Frank, if he had not written in her album, to do so forthwith, and return it in the evening. Susan sent her word she would come; and Frank, after receiving the lady's mandate, arose from the table, and departed.

Arrived at his office, Frank picked up Miss Ellwood's album, tore off the cover he had carefully wrapped round it, seated himself, and began to look over its pages, thinking at the time much more about its mistress than the book.

'I suppose I must e'en do as I am bid,' thought he, as he nibbled a pen, and opened the book before him. A knock at the door interrupted the current of his thoughts.

'Come in!'

'Good morning, Frank.'

'How do you do, Mr. Jenkins?—be seated.'

'No, I thank you. I merely stepped over to borrow a volume of

Gibbon, for the purpose of reading, once more, those celebrated chapters in which he thought he had dugged a grave for the Christian's faith at last.

'Then Gibbon sadly miscalculated the force of the adversary with which he contended,' said Frank.

'True,' returned Jenkins; 'but Gibbon's confidence was not a match for Paine's presumption. He says, in that illogical and inflated abortion, which he called the Age, but which he should have christened the Infancy, of Reason, that he had gone through the Bible as a man would go through a forest with an axe on his shoulder; that he had cut down the trees, which the priests might stick up, but could never make grow again.'

'What do you think of Gibbon, Mr. Jenkins?'

'Why, I think that if his father, instead of procuring his dismissal from Oxford, had regarded his deviations as the errors of a young enthusiast, Christianity would never have numbered among the most effective of her opponents the historian of the Roman Empire. As an historian, I think Gibbon one of the six best who have ever written. Mackintosh said that Gibbon's intellect might have been taken out of a corner of Burke's, without his missing it. This was Sir James' prejudice. In France, Gibbon is placed in the very front rank of historical writers. I think there is no one work that will more amply repay a student for his intimacy with it, or that contains a richer and more extensive treasure, than his history. His style is rotund and perhaps turgid; but his course is majestic; his incredulity may reject some facts, but it refuses more fables; his imagination is fertile, and flings a rich drapery of fiction over his descriptions, without destroying their fidelity; in fine, he unites many of the excellencies of Tacitus and Herodotus, and interests one's feelings as deeply as Homer does.'

As he concluded, he bade Frank good morning, and left him to his musings.

A CONVERSATION WITH A QUAKER DAMSEL, ON POETRY, ETC.

\* \* \* 'WHAT have you been reading lately?'

'Many things, fashionable and unfashionable,' was the answer.

'By fashionable, I suppose you mean fiction?'

'Yes.'

'What a compliment to the nineteenth century! Its fashionable literature consists of novels, that are the merest trash, or those that excite the passions, and come not near the diviner qualities of the soul. The leading fault in our fashionable literature, is its excess of passion. Those calm sentiments of love, benevolence, kindness, and the whole host enjoined by Christianity, are regarded as entirely too insipid for the fervid tastes of readers. I saw a stuffed bird-of-paradise to day; its plumage was brilliant, gay, and sparkling, while its interior was hollow and chaffy. It reminded me of fashionable literature; a brilliant exterior, having the hues of life, while all within was death and corruption!'

'And yet there is a great deal of fascination in it,' said Mary. 'Is it not strange, that we love to be deceived, and that we should strive so hard to cheat ourselves with fictitious sentiments? Some people



seem to live only to keep up the struggle between truth and deception; and you poets are everlastingly dreaming visions, that bear about as much likeness to what you meet with on earth, as the portraits of an itinerant painter do to his sitters.'

'Ah, here is a book, not entirely unfashionable,' said Frank, as he picked up a volume from the table on which his elbow was resting.

'Cunningham's Life of Burns, is n't it?

'Yes,' answered Frank.

'Father, knowing my love for Burns, purchased it for me the other day. I have renewed my fondness for the 'ploughman-poet,' by reading it.'

'I wonder if any one deifies Burns as I do,' said Frank, as he turned over the pages.

'I suspect,' returned Mary, 'that there is quite as much of a Grecian temple about my heart, as thee can lay claim to. In that temple, on a niche, shrouded in glory, stands most conspicuously the beau ideal of a statue of Robert Burns.'

'Good!' said Frank; 'and borrowing your idea, I should say my heart is a complete Pantheon, and in it, on the highest range of niches, stand the poets — the 'gray-haired sires' of the olden time, when every grove was sanctified by poësy, and those men of after years, who have lived near our own day. In the language of Wordsworth:

'Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,  
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs,  
Of truth, and pure delight, by heavenly lays.'

And, Miss Mary, we agree in the homage that we render to him, who

——— 'walked in glory and in joy,  
Following his plough upon the mountain-side.'

I have sometimes thought it would be an excellent criterion whereby to judge of the excellence of a heart, to submit it to the influence of Burns' life and poetry. If a tear was not shed to the memory of the one, and if the other did not awaken a rapid succession of all the feelings that stir the soul, that heart would not have much to interest me.'

'Judged of by such a criterion, I should be admirable,' said Mary, laughingly.

'Or by any other righteous test,' added Frank. Mary apparently failed to notice his compliment, for she continued: 'As a Kentuckian said of Daviess' eloquence, I might say of Burns' story; it has caused me to weep a pint-cup full. And as to his poetry, it is to me what his conversation was to the Duchess of Gordon; it 'completely takes me off my feet.'

'Do you know,' said Frank, 'that I think Burns' mind was one of the most glorious on which the mantle of inspiration has yet fallen; one of the mightiest on which the noon-day sunlight of genius ever descended. there is this difference between a great and a common intellect: the former, by the magic power of sublime association, can fling importance about the most ordinary subjects; while the common mind demands that a subject shall have great and obvious relations, in order to make out an exhibition of interest for it. In

this way I judge of the relative greatness of minds. Now Burns, with ordinary subjects, has charmed the world. Look at his heroines, milk-maids and gleaners, though they are, and point me to the page of any other poet, where I can find their superiors. Listen, while I read a moment :

'Sae fair her hair, sae bent her brow,  
Sae bonnie blue her een, my dearie,  
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou,  
*The mair I look, she's mair my dearie.'*

And again :

'She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;  
She's sweet as the evening among the new hay;  
As blythe and as artless as lambs on the lea,  
And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.'

And here is a verse from 'Mary Morison,' one of the sweetest things that genius ever sent down to immortality ; listen to her lover :

'Yestreen, when to the trembling string,  
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',  
To thee my fancy took its wing,  
I sat, but neither heard nor saw :  
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast of a' the town,  
I sighed, and said among them a',  
Ye are no Mary Morison.'

Here is one more verse :

'As in the bosom of the stream,  
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,  
So trembling pure was faithful love,  
Within the breast of bonnie Jean.'

Now, for nature, for the force and simplicity of truth, where will you find any thing superior to what I have read, without any effort at selection ? Byron's heroines are very fine, but Burns' are lovely. Think of that splendid abstraction of Byron's, so often quoted :

'She walks in beauty like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,  
And all that's best in dark and bright,  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.'

I say, take this description, and compare it with :

'Sae fair her hair, sae bent her brow,  
Sae bonnie blue her e'en, my dearie,  
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',  
*The mair I look, she's mair my dearie.'*

and you can feel the difference between the cold and brilliant abstraction of Byron, and the flesh-and-blood being of Burns. The one is cold, like moonlight on frost-work ; the other is warm as the light of love on the eye of beauty. But I forget that I am not talking with one who differs from me in opinion.'

'As to splendor and greatness, I think Burns inferior to many poets, but he has a way of taking one's heart, that is only his,' said Mary.

'When I speak of Burns' greatness, I do not mean to speak of him in comparison with Milton; I only say, that he was the greatest poet that ever lived, under similar circumstances. He had not the education, he had not the ten thousand intellectualizing influences; he had not the soul-exalting knowledge of all that genius had done before him, that others have had. Shakspeare himself, the prince of poets, confined to the banks of Ayr, would not have conversed in mightier cadences than those which fell from the charmed lips of Burns. Byron would not have seen half as many beauties, in Burns' situation. And now, Miss Mary, will you pretend to measure your idolatry of the god-like intellect of Burns, with mine?'

'I fear I shall have to rank second. I cannot help thinking of the infirmities of the man, while I admire the greatness of the poet.'

'It would not do,' said Frank, 'for me to palliate what you charitably call his infirmities. I think that Burns' vices were not remarkably many. I fear that if you stretch us on the Procrustean bed, there will be but few of the proper size.'

'I cannot but acknowledge that I feel a marvellous inclination to overlook the short-comings of such a man as Burns,' returned Mary; 'and like Hannah More, I think it a great pity, that men of genius should be so bad, that one will not have their agreeable company in heaven.'

'You may depend upon it, Miss Mary, that Burns was not so bloated by his vices, as to be unable to get in at the 'straight and narrow gate.' You may see him yet in paradise.'

'And Mary Campbell, too,' added Mary. 'What a meeting her last with Burns was! I know of no scene more touching to one's feelings.'

'By the way, my lady, you gave me a task to execute to-night, and now I will return the favor, by insisting that you write a description of the last meeting of Burns and Highland Mary.'

And perhaps this description will form the subject of another chapter from our 'unpublished volume.'

#### SAYINGS

OF SOLON, THE PHILOSOPHER OF ATHENS.

LIFE, when 't is passed, and not until,  
You then may judge it good or ill;  
Let equals meet in married life,  
Unequal matches end in strife.  
True honors are with merit blent,  
And never come by accident;  
Reprove in secret, as a friend,  
Let others hear, when you commend;  
More noble far it is to win  
High rank, than owe it to your kin.  
If fate decrees all accidents,  
What room is there for careful sense?  
If all things move by no fixed rules,  
Why are some wise, and some men fools?

## L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO MY ROCKING CHAIR.

Blessings on the invention fair,  
That first contrived the rocking chair,  
For wakeful ease or slumber!  
Oft, with a fervor ever new,  
I've blest mine own, long-tried and true,  
In past hours without number.

Friend at all seasons! how I love,  
When morning o'er the earth doth move,  
Like some angelic creature,  
Seated within thy tranquil place,  
To greet with smiles her joyous face,  
And read each glowing feature!

Or when, with full and staring eye,  
The mid-day sun in cloudless sky,  
Like well-fed furnace blazes,  
Safe nestled in thy shaded nook,  
To speed the needle's task, or look  
Into thought's mystic mazes.

And oftener still, when pensive eve,  
Like some pale nun, her cell doth leave,  
And takes her silent station,  
At the frail grate, where day and night  
Meet hand in hand, and in heaven's sight,  
Pay willing adoration.

Then, wrapt in dreams, my heart will float,  
Like voyager in fairy boat,  
To the blue vault ideal,  
Till, quite forgetful of its strife,  
I slip, as 't were, the noose of life,  
And dwell in worlds unreal.

Yet deem not, when calm Reason calls,  
And from the height my spirit falls,  
Where idle fancies centre,  
That shades of discontent e'er pass  
Across my mind's transparent glass,  
Or aught like dark thoughts enter.

Oh, no! — within thy still domain,  
I count the joys, not few nor vain,  
Born with substantial being;  
Till to a livelier flame I fan  
Warm gratitude, and rise, some plan  
Of good in all things seeing.

Then come at will, ideal bliss!  
Thou 'lt always find a welcome kiss  
From one that dearly loves thee;  
Yet, if thou choose to stay away,  
Believe me, oh! bewitching fay!  
Thine absence will not move me.

For, better than all fancied wealth,  
Rich in kind friends, and much-prized health,  
With peace, best gift of Heaven;  
Books, quiet, leisure, free from care,  
Seated within my rocking-chair,  
What need that more be given?

## RURAL CEMETERIES.

'Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade  
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid;  
Sweet Ivy wind thy boughs, and intertwine  
With blushing roses, and the clustering vine;  
So shall thy boughs, with lasting honors hung,  
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.'

THERE is a pleasure in looking upon the grave as a place of rest. But in the heart of cities, we fancy something in their sepulchres, repugnant to the idea of a sweet repose. There the dead may lie down amid a profusion of sculpture, amid monuments seen like the tomb of Bianor in the distance, erected by vanity, and never moistened by a tear. But there is a voice without, which baffles all their quietude, and drowns the silent eloquence of the grave. While the multitude are hurrying through crowded thoroughfares, and the hum of men and murmurs of a great mart are fretting like waves against the sepulchre, it seems not like that wished-for mansion, where 'the weary are at rest.'

Me thinks I could emulate the example of the Turk, if not in his ideas of a blind fatality, at least in a devotion which teaches him not to violate the grave. For, indulging the stately reserve of his nature, he holds converse with the shades of his ancestors, reposing beneath the mourning cypress, in the midst of some vast necropolis.

The care of the dead is a beautiful trait in any nation, and has its origin in the unadulterated wells of the heart. It is a redeeming feature in the otherwise stern and repulsive character of the American savage. He loves his country, not only for its solitudes, and majestic forests, which accord so well with his 'soul's sadness,' and whence, as from a temple, his prayers may go up to the Great Spirit, but he loves it more ardently, for in it the bones of his dead repose. He regards their sepulchres with a veneration of which more civilized nations know nothing, and they are his last entrenchment in the day of battle. And when the arts of the white man have at last prevailed, and he goes broken-hearted beyond the 'Great River,' thither his last lingering looks are cast. Generations may pass away, like the leaves of the forest; but when some of his posterity, retracing the steps of his exile, come to our seat of government to strike new treaties, again to be broken, they will turn, perhaps, many miles from the highway, and seeking out some tumulus in the wood, where the ashes of their tribe were deposited, pass many hours in silent lamentation. And is not the civilized man excelled in this respect by the savage? After unmitigated wrong and outrage, committed and to be committed, until their last remnant has vanished, would to God that he would learn this lesson from the vanquished! Who has not seen, in our larger towns, sacrilege frequently committed, for the sake of lucre?—the abodes of the dead unblushingly rent open, bones cast out in a heterogeneous mass, and the whole place at last reduced to one common level? It might have been hoped, that the lust of gain would stop short of this; and to the honor

of human nature, many have united in the deprecatory voice of the poet :

‘Good friend, for Jesus’ sake forbear,  
To touch the bones enclosed here!’

Shame, shame on the Vandal, that can trample, brute-like, on the graves of his kindred, or cast indignity on the soil that presses the bosom of his friends! The man of refined feelings will recollect, that that which now lies cold beneath him, was once the birth-place of all that is noble. He will feel it a sacrilege to trample on the grave; much more, to invade with indecent hand its precincts. He will rather regard it a ‘holy of holies,’ a place to be protected from every profane intrusion; a shrine whither to wend in frequent pilgrimage, and to bring the tribute of his tears. By every motive of self-respect or of love for the departed, let us protect their sepulchres; adorning them with the mourning cypress, and with the sweetest flowers of the spring!

It is this beautiful custom, which takes away from those chilling sensations that are apt to crowd upon the mind, and to oppress it, on the approach to the sepulchre. We forget that the worm is revelling on the object of our affection, and, enchanted by the sweet poetry of the prospect, we look upon the grave as a beautiful resting-place. What a peculiar fitness, also, in the rite, and how emblematic of the virtuous dead! For as flowers, though long plucked from the stem, still continue to diffuse their sweetness around them, so will the fragrance of virtuous actions be strong and lasting, even when the heart which prompted, and the hand which performed them, have been for ever chilled in death.\*

When, instead of a dank, unhandsome-charnel house, associated only with the humbling ideas of corruption, where the aged, whom we have honored, and the young whose beauty, so sylph-like, so *spirituelle*, we have idolized, are given up to festering and the worm; when, instead of all that is repulsive to human feeling, we behold the sepulchre turned into a garden of roses, and into a breathing wilderness of sweets, we could almost forego the remnants of a life, too agitated by painful emotions, and lay down our heads as in some chamber of sweet forgetfulness, some flowery entrance to the blest abodes, where there are no more tears or sorrow, ‘where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.’

Happy is it, that the grave can be thus stripped of its prerogative of terror, and robbed of its ‘victory,’ even as Jesus Christ has rifled death of its ‘sting.’ That thus we may look calmly upon it, as the

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\* It was not until writing the above, that we discovered a similar sentiment in the poet SHIRLEY, and it is one which, with its context, made the veteran CROMWELL turn as pale as ashes :

‘The garlands wither on your brow;  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;  
Upon death’s purple altar now  
See where the victor victim bleeds!’

‘All heads must come  
To the cold tomb:  
Only the ashes of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.’



ultimate goal whither all steps are wending, as the dark opening of some bright and glorious perspective, and not recoil into the giddy world, to escape its lessons of morality. Were the grave rendered more attractive, it might be better than the words of the preacher. The old man, as he passed by, would remember, without shuddering, that he was dust, nor would the youth hurry on, 'whistling to keep his courage up.' It should entice more readily than the lips of some 'old man eloquent,' and instil its stern lessons into willing ears. It should have a voice and an eloquence of its own. More sublimely than human thought ever conceived of, and in a language 'sweeter than all tune,' it should discourse of death, judgment, and eternity. Oh! bring flowers, bring flowers! Disdain not to encourage what is so refined in its tendency, though Reason, in her despicable pride, may sneer at you, and account it a weakness to honor the casket, when deserted by the gem!

Let us visit often the burial-places of the dead, recall our minds from the grossness of earthly cares, commune with them, and then, scattering our sweet emblems, go back with a cheerful heart into the world, and endeavor to emulate their virtues. We shall be better affected by this, than by rearing any cold mausoleum. That may be intrusted to the artist, and may excite the gaze, if not the sneer, of the passer. It is better to present our own offerings.

What are the proudest piles of sculptured marble? Will not the beating storm, and the effacing moss, and the corrosive hand of time, soon blot out these vain memorials, and destroy the short-lived characters which are inscribed upon them? But the willow and the rose will be ever returning, and ever blooming on the approach of spring; thus quickening our affections, and almost enticing us to linger at the grave. And who would not prefer these natural monuments, to the cold marble which the hand of man has fashioned? the romantic beauties of 'Père la Chaise,' to the long-drawn aisles of Westminster Abbey? Yes, surely if there is a place where simplicity possesses a charm, and where every approach to arrogance should be avoided, it is that last narrow house:

— 'where side by side,  
The poor man and the son of pride,  
Lie calm and still!'

To throw around the grave the gorgeous paraphernalia of living haughtiness, appears a kind of horrid mockery. It is the unseemly paint daubed upon the ghastly features of death. It is creating a distinction, where every distinction is alike levelled with the dust. And there are better memorials than the gilded marble, or the sculptured stone; for the tear, as it trembles in the eye of affection, or sparkles on the tomb of the dead, is worth all the 'pomp of heraldry, and boast of power;' and the deep-graven characters which are inscribed upon the living tablets of the heart, are better than the most vaunting epitaph upon Parian marble.

F. W. S.

#### A THOUGHT.

'Live well, and die never —  
Die well, and live for ever!'

## COXCOMBS.

FROM 'KYTTENHAWTEN,' AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY J. H. BRIGHT, ESQ.

## I.

High on the quarter-deck the master stood,  
 His slender frame form'd less for use than show :  
 A soft blue eye, light hair, of gentle mood,  
 And small thin hands and feet, a forehead low ;  
 He looked a figure for a lady's beau —  
 The neat appendage of the drawing-room ;  
 A quite convenient thing, when Miss must go  
 To purchase ribbons, laces, and perfume :  
 You'll find such when 't is fair, in Broadway, in full bloom.

## II.

This leads me to digress upon the way  
 'In which those objects live on land ; ' they toil  
 Not, neither do they spin ; ' and yet more gay  
 No gilded butterflies e'er go. They spoil  
 The finest epigram, though smooth as oil,  
 Which genius ever penn'd ; and when it closes,  
 You wonder where the wit is ! They so maul  
 The sense, in reading, it no point discloses.  
 They credit Shakspeare, when they quote from Job, or Moses.

## III.

They 're at the fountain-head of all the news  
 That's worthy of repeating ; and know well  
 The latest cut for coats, and whether shoes  
 Or boots are most genteel ; can also tell  
 Who's to be married, who will be the belle  
 The coming winter : and they too can dance,  
 Ride horse-back, sing, and fence, and ' cut a swell ;'  
 But will be sadly non-pluss'd, if perchance  
 You ask them — is the Rhine in Germany or France ?

## IV.

Of appellations they 've a score or two ;  
 'Sweet fellow,' is most common in these times :  
 I've known one call'd to tie a lady's shoe.  
 In albums oft they murder sense, and rhymes,  
 Or if they 've wit, as is the case sometimes,  
 Purloin a glowing sentiment from Moore,  
 Which o'er their names in borrow'd lustre shines.  
 To men of sense they're a 'confounded bore ;'  
 But sentimental girls the painted things adore.

## V.

I mean not all : thank Heaven ! for there are some  
 Would 'cut' the perfumed coxcomb in the street ;  
 These weave a charm about the name of home,  
 And in the desert bid fair blossoms greet  
 The traveller's eye. They are of earth the wheat,  
 The precious grain, the gold without alloy ;  
 In their embrace truth, virtue, friendship meet :  
 All that the warm heart yearneth to enjoy,  
 And all that charms the eye of the love-dreaming boy.

## VI.

They are the magnets of the erring soul,  
 The stars to guide man on his devious track :  
 Nor can he spurn at woman's wild control,  
 Which to the path of duty lures him back :  
 Presents a shield to ward off the attack  
 Of fierce temptation ; and dispels the gloom  
 Which gathers in his noon-sky, thick and black.  
 What though she sink unlaurell'd to the tomb ?  
 Her deeds, like perish'd roses, leave a rich perfume.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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**HOME AS FOUND.** By the Author of 'Homeward Bound,' 'The Pioneers,' etc.' In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 582. Philadelphia: LEA AND BLANCHARD.

WE shall devote but brief space to a notice of this work, than which we have seen nothing worse from the pen of its author — not even excepting 'The Monikins.' It will be remembered that, in a late number of this Magazine, in closing a notice of 'Homeward Bound,' we expressed the hope that its author would hereafter forget the unpleasant wranglings of the past, and that 'the fine genius of our countryman, now in the prime of life and manhood, would play out its variations, unfettered by kindled prejudices, and untrammelled by awakened remembrance of real persecution or fancied wrong.' We regret to say, that our anticipations were not well founded. Indeed, the warmest personal friend of Mr. COOPER cannot but deeply regret the publication of the work under notice. As a novel proper, it is, to say nothing of more venial faults, plotless and desultory — utterly 'without form and void.' Our author seems to anticipate this verdict, in his preface; and hazards an apology for his failure, which can in no wise avail him. It will not do for the author of the 'Pioneers,' 'The Spy,' 'Lionel Lincoln,' etc., who has derived so much repute from his labors on American ground, to turn round, at this late day, and, as an excuse for giving us the lees of his good wine, pronounce our country 'the most barren field on earth for a writer of fiction.' It is true, that if Mr. COOPER's fame were to depend upon the volumes before us, it would ultimately be found vastly to resemble infamy. He evidently sat down to his task with all his vanities and grievances, imaginary or real, thick clustering about him; and no reader can resist the conclusion, that the discharge of ink was necessary to avoid a most plethoric congestion. Scenes and conversations, in which American society is elaborately caricatured, make up the staple of the work. The writer indulges liberally in satirical digressions, and is not at all scrupulous about the tie which connects them together. The *spirit* of the book could not well be worse. It is full of nuts for the Tories of England, and all enemies of republican equality and institutions, every where. Doubtless, as our author has often averred, there is something too much of national boasting among us. It has been well remarked, that there is enough of honest triumph for the republic, in her actual position, and reasonable prospects, without sending up our writers and statesmen to the high places of the American Pisgah, to enjoy the prospective subjugation of the globe. But on the other hand, is there need of underrating? Is there need of *native* dogmatism and arrogance, in treating of our people? Is there cause for an *American* to represent the mass of his countrymen as fools or clowns? — to speak slightly of our scenery, and disparagingly, nay, contemptuously, of our society, in particular and in the mass? But we must pause. A long notice of these volumes would be out of all proportion to their importance; and we gladly leave them to the oblivion which awaits them, and from which nothing can rescue them.

THE MOTLEY BOOK: A SERIES OF TALES AND SKETCHES.—By the late BEN. SMITH. With Illustrations. One volume. pp. 190. J. AND H. G. LANGLEY, Chatham-street.

WE have already alluded to this work, in the fragmentary form in which it first appeared; and now that the 'tales and sketches' are collected by the author into a volume, where they may be read consecutively, we find no cause to modify the conscientious verdict which we have heretofore rendered against them. The author's head is capacious enough of dreams and similitudes of humor; but there is no naturalness in his descriptions, and no distinctness in his pictures. His observation of men and things, is cursory and superficial; and there is a perpetual tendency with him to exaggeration or dilution of thought; until the reader is sometimes led to doubt whether he always affixes any very precise ideas to the language he employs. Under such a process, even the best of scenes or ideas would become as flat as champagne in a decanter. We will illustrate the justice of our comments, by a single extract from a sketch entitled 'Greasy Peterson,' a grocer, described, with characteristic *vraisemblance*, as 'a smooth, unctious, *fish-faced* being,' which we shall take the liberty to place by the side of a natural picture, drawn by a master of the humorous, and ask the reader to compare the 'odd patch-work fancy' of our motley author, with the clear limning, which he has elsewhere aped, but signally aped in vain:

'Greasy Peterson vulgar mortals have named thee, knowing not the true sweetness and blessedness of thy life in its even flow. Judged by thy garments, thou art in truth a poor-devil. Alblue coat, patched like the sky with spots of cloudy black, oil-spotted drab breeches, cased in coarse overalls of bagging, are not the vestments in which worldly greatness clothes itself, or worldly wisdom is willing to be seen walking streets and highways. True, thou hast a jolly person and goodly estate of flesh and blood under such habiliments. Glide on, glide on, Oleaginous Robert—like a river of oil, and be thy taper of life quenched silently as pure spermaceti! Robert Peterson, Esq., green-grocer and tallow-chandler, possessed the most incongruous face that ever adorned the head of mortal. His nose thrust itself out, a huge promontory of flesh, at whose base two pool-like eyes sparkled small, clear and twinkling, while a river of mouth ran athwart its extreme projection, flowing almost from ear to ear, with only a narrow strip of ruddy cheek intervening. Within, greasy Bob possessed a mind as curiously assorted as his countenance. It was composed of fragments of every thing, bits of knowledge of one kind and another strangely stitched together, and forming an odd patch-work brain, whose operations it was a merry spectacle to observe.

'Good morning, neighbor Peterson,' said as mall, *pie-shaped*, *Fruiterer* from next door, 'Good morning! I hope we shall have fine weather, now the wind has shifted his tail to the Nor'-west.'

Who ever saw a 'fish-faced' or a 'pie-shaped' man, or one, elsewhere mentioned, with features 'like a dried codfish, suddenly animated?' Compare the foregoing obscure and plethoric picture—a single specimen from a numerous class, of kindred genus and characteristics—with the subjoined, by IRVING, whose drawings in this kind seem always, in contrast with those of other would-be humorists, (we except NEAL, the charcoal-sketcher,) like a Michael Angelo in a picture-gallery. The passage is familiar to the reader, being a sketch of Ichabod Crane, and his steed 'Gunpowder,' as they sat off for old Baltus Van Tassel's party:

'The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scare-crow eloped from a cornfield. \* \* \* It is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse, that had outlived almost every thing but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with

burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from his name, which was Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country. Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and as the horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called, and the skirts of his rusty black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail.

We have expressed our conviction, and given the grounds for our belief, that the *forte* of the writer of these 'motley' outlines, is *not* the humorous; and we say it in all kindness, and with a due remembrance, that it is to our own pages that 'BEN. SMITH' is indebted for the small amount of capital in literary repute, upon which he subsequently began to trade. We may believe, moreover, that were some judicious friend to clip, amend, and emend, as in the case of the trifle which gives our author his *nom de guerre*, it would be the better for the writer's success. He is far more felicitous in serious compositions. The 'Potters' Field,' for example, is very spirited and pathetic, and shows the true vein of our author; the same is true of the little sketch entitled 'The Unburied Bones.' And we cannot but hope, that he will for ever renounce, for this species of composition, the 'things of shreds and patches,' which he must needs imagine to possess, what they assuredly do not, the spirit of genuine wit and humor. We need not say, that Mr. SMITH has our best wishes for his success, in any pursuit which involves no waste of his energies upon a species of literature, which, though not perhaps foreign to his taste, is certainly beyond his grasp.

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VELASCO; A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS. By EPES SARGENT. pp. 110. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE author of this play — which has already received the stamp of public approbation, having been performed with entire success, before the critical audiences of the 'literary emporium' — informs us, in a brief introduction, that its basis is historical, although many of its scenes and situations are purely imaginary. 'All that may seem strange or unnatural,' says Mr. SARGENT, 'in the conduct of the drama, is in strict accordance with popular tradition. The general action of the piece is derived from incidents in the career of Rodrigo Diaz, the *cid*, whose achievements constitute so considerable a portion of the historical and romantic literature of Spain.' Until now, however, the subject has never been successfully introduced upon the English stage. As the play, when produced at the Park Theatre, will fall under the province of our theatrical reporter, we shall avoid sluicing off any portion of its interest, by attempting a synopsis or analysis of its character; but leaving this task to abler hands, we may, in a few words, express our convictions of its general merits. The whole is, to our conception, managed with judgment and good taste. The unity of the drama is well preserved throughout, while the plot or business of the piece advances gradually and naturally. Unlike too many native productions, of a similar description, it is not glaringly unequal in portions of the acts or scenes — half ice and half fire; but the subordinate interests are well maintained, and not remotely accessory. The language of passion is bold and figurative, yet for the most part brief and concise. There is little or nothing of disproportioned and injudicious ornament; and in these days of rant and fustian, to avoid these, deserves no small praise. We can well imagine, as we read, what fine effect must have been given to

portions of this drama, by that accomplished artiste, Miss ELLEN TREE, with her musical voice, graceful action, and queenly presence.

The few desultory selections, for which only we have space, and to which we hasten, will convince the reader of the justice of our encomiums. The subjoined is the spirited opening of the third scene. The *locale* is a wild glen, in a violent storm, with thunder and lightning. The hero enters from the rocks in the back-ground:

VELASCO.

'I lay my brow against the marble rock,  
I hold it throbbing to the dewy grass;  
There is no coolness in the summer rain!  
The elements have lost their attributes.  
The oaks are shiver'd round me, in the blaze  
Of the near lightning, as it bursts the folds  
Of its black cerements, but no gracious bolt  
Blasts me or scathes! A wilder storm is here!  
The fiery quiver of the clouds will be  
Exhausted soon; the hurricane will sink;  
And, through the vista of the western clouds,  
The slant rays of the setting sun will stream;  
And birds, on every glistening bough, will hail  
The refulgent brightness, and the fresher'd air;  
But when will pass away from this sad heart  
The cloud of grief, the tempest of remorse!  
When will the wingéd hopes, that glanced and sang  
In joy's melodious atmosphere, return,  
To welcome back the gladness of the soul!  
This spot! What fatal instinct led me here!  
It is our trysting-place; and—ha! what form  
Breaks through the shadowy gloom? 'tis Izidora!  
She sees me—she advances—knows she yet  
The fearful truth? Oh! were this trial spared me!

The annexed passage is not less felicitous, and will convey to the reader some idea of the subdued yet expressive fervor which characterizes the more passionate portions of the performance. The scene is an apartment in the royal palace, into which the heroine enters, sumptuously attired in her bridal robes:

IZIDORA.

'I will believe that I am borne along  
To this day's purpose in the arms of Fate!  
For, though my better angel warns me back,  
With earnest gesture and imploring eyes,  
Yet am I weak, resistless as a child!

[*Shouts are heard.*

Shout on, glad voices! Swell your acclamations!  
It is my bridal day—a day of joy!  
My heart is lifted on those waves of sound,  
And thrills with the first gladness it has known  
Since—since—

Away! away! thou fiend, remembrance!  
Is there no spell can lay thee? Thou art hideous,  
Yet there's a fascination in thy horror,  
That bids me gaze and gaze till I am frenzied.  
Ah me! on what a base is reared the joy,  
A single flash of memory can shiver!  
What have I done? Brief is the time elapsed  
Since, with the ashes of his great forefathers,  
All that is mortal of my sire was blended.  
And now, death's sable livery is changed  
For bridal pomp—the wail of lamentation  
For shouts of mirth, and nuptial harmonies!  
And he, I wed, is—reason cannot breathe it!  
Yet in that little space—that sand of time—  
What weary lives of anguish have been crowded!



What maddening thoughts! What passions and what terrors!  
 Revenge, and love, and duty, and despair!  
*The fury of the elements! the shock*  
*Of adverse fleets on a tempestuous sea!*  
*But, over all, riding the topmost wave,*  
*Love's bark still floats triumphant!*

In fine contrast is the character of 'Julio,' whom we shall shadow forth in the following striking extract. Entering a gorgeous banquetting-hall, through folding-doors, upon a guilty errand, he exclaims:

JULIO.

'How like a cautious, trembling, guilty thing,  
 I glide with stealthy paces toward my purpose.  
 Can that be good, of which the outward signs  
 Are the thief's posture and the coward's tread?  
 Away, reflection! 'Tis too late to waver,  
 When half the crime is in th' intent committed.  
 Decision gives a virtue even to vice,  
 And gilds its black deformity. Oh! think  
 Of all the fierce incentives to the act.  
 Quick! or the occasion's gone!

*[He advances rapidly towards the table, — hesitates as he is about to poison the goblet, and finally, recoiling from the undertaking, rushes to the front of the stage.]*

Was I struck blind?

Ere I could do the deed, a shadow fell  
 On all around me; and the flashing board  
 Changed to funereal blackness! Indistinct  
 Was every object to my blasted sight;  
*And the gemm'd goblet faded, and the floor*  
*Sank in and reel'd like the sea's undulations!*  
 I'll not renew th' attempt.

*[A burst of sprightly music is heard from a distance.]*

Ah! they approach!

With dulcimer and cymbal, they approach!  
 Ghost of my slaughter'd father! Now transfuse  
 Into this frame thy immaterial essence!  
 Nerve the obedient muscles of mine arm,  
 And be thine own avenger!

The foregoing extracts will satisfy the reader, that this drama possesses literary claims of no common order. Of its merits as an acting play, occasion will be taken to speak at large, in these pages, hereafter.

**HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.** To which is prefixed a brief Historical Account of our English Ancestors, to their Migration to America, and of the Conquest of South America, by the Spaniards. By NOAH WEBSTER, LL. D. In one volume. pp. 358. New-Haven: S. BABCOCK.

WE are indebted to the publisher for a copy of the latest edition of the above-named work, and have great pleasure in conscientiously recommending it to the acceptance of the public. It contains many things which we do not remember to have seen in any kindred volume, such as the origin and history of our ancestors, the particular account of the formation of our institutions, and of the origin of the Hartford Convention, of which there is no where else so correct and detailed an account. Many of these valuable facts could have been derived only from personal knowledge, or from rare documents, in possession of the author. Of the discontents in Connecticut, in 1783, which threatened a serious commotion, we believe there is no account in any of the histories of this republic, not even in MARSHALL'S. But for the brief record in the present volume, the present generation would be entirely ignorant of these events. Indeed, the history of the whole period from the peace of 1783, to the

adoption of the constitution, is, in all the histories for schools which we remember to have seen, except the one before us, a barren, imperfect account, although it was a period of great anxiety, when it was doubtful whether anarchy or civil war was to be our fate.

The time will come, when the labors of our venerable historian and lexicographer will be properly appreciated. Although now eighty years of age, he enjoys fine health, and that 'good digestion which waits on appetite.' A friend who has shared the society of the 'old man eloquent' for a number of years, mentioned to us, some time since, several circumstances, which fully confirm in our mind the entire authenticity of the prominent facts related in the volume under notice. Mr. WEBSTER was within the sound of the church-bell in New-Haven, a freshman in college, when the news arrived of the shedding of blood in Lexington. Hence he must have lived through the revolution, and all subsequent political events. He began, it is believed, to take an active part as a writer, in support of the government, as early as 1783, when DANIEL WEBSTER must have been in his cradle. He had previously encountered all the distresses of the country in the war; and when Burgoyne was marching toward Albany, in 1777, he shouldered his musket, a volunteer, to meet his troops, sleeping on the ground, and in stables. Two or three years afterward, he wrote a pamphlet, to urge for a new constitution, and carried it to Mount Vernon in person, and placed a copy in the hands of General WASHINGTON. Such are some of the prominent scenes and events with which our author was familiar; and they constitute him a historian of rare merits; since he mainly speaks of matters, 'all of which he saw, and part of which he was.'

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PROSODY OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D. New-York : HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS volume is an honor to our country, and above all, to our city, which has the proud boast of having nurtured the only scholar, undoubtedly of America, and possibly of the world, who could have produced this accurate and elegant compendium. It has heretofore often been advanced as a reproach against us — and, though reluctantly, we must admit not wholly without grounds for the assertion — that, although occupying a high station among the kingdoms of the earth, as regards the general diffusion of plain elementary education, we have been almost entirely deficient in that high and polished scholarship, which, we are informed, is almost universal among the higher classes of England, France, and Germany. This point of prosody, above all others, is the one in which we have been held sorely deficient; and it must be acknowledged, that without a knowledge of this high and scientific branch of classic lore, no person can be deemed, in the true acceptance of the word, a scholar. We are acquainted with no more sure or ready test of classical attainments, than the knowledge of quantity; and we would no more admit any man to be qualified for the situation of a teacher, to whom it was possible to commit an offence against the common rules of prosody, than we would term a man an orator, who could, even in extemporaneous speech, violate any rule of English grammar, or pronunciation. This reproach on our scholarship will we trust now be speedily abolished; all that is needed to effect a general reformation on this point, being the adoption of this book in every school and college of the Union; and first of all, the careful study of it by all *soi-disant* teachers and professors. Of course, it is the text book of Columbia College; and it has given us pleasure to learn, that this volume, as well as the grammar of the same author, has been adopted in the largest boarding school of this vicinity, and we believe we may add one of the best classical institutions in the United States — the establishment of the Rev. Mr. HUDDART, at Bloomingdale.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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AMERICAN INSTITUTE. — Having been prevented, by pressing engagements, from attending the late exhibition of the American Institute, we avail ourselves with pleasure of the brief record of a friendly correspondent. The institution deserves, as we are glad to learn it receives, the most enlarged favor and support. 'The late annual fair,' says the writer, 'was closed by an able and elegant dissertation on the rise, progress, and present prospects, of the various manufactures within our borders. The remarks of Gen. TALLMADGE upon this occasion, were signally appropriate. He observed, that not only had the manufacturer, the machinist, the man of science, the agriculturalist, and the ladies, entered the arena for competition, in their several departments, but that representatives from our navy were present, to await the award of premiums. The article the latter offered, was of too great bulk to be transported to the garden; and a delegation was appointed to visit the navy yard, where they were shown on board the noble ship Ohio, which may perhaps challenge the world for beauty of model and workmanship. The single article of iron, manufactured and vended in this city in 1836, amounted to seven millions of dollars; and although a temporary stagnation of business has somewhat diminished the trade, the manufacture is still on the increase, some articles having even been largely required for the London market.

'The improvements in the manufacture of silver ware, were mentioned as evidence of native skill, as a few years since it was esteemed in Europe an impossibility to attain perfection in *chasing*, which is the most scientific part of the whole. Our manufacturers in this branch are second to none in the world, and we are no longer dependant upon a foreign market for our supply. The taste displayed in the manufacture of the varied articles in this line, has reduced imports at least two thirds; and to such perfection is the manufacture of gold watch-cases carried in this country, that the finer class of watches are imported without them. \* \* The lovers of music were regaled at intervals during the fair, with performances on the superior church-organs of Mr. JARDINE, who, although a new competitor, succeeded in obtaining the golden medal.

'In 1828, the American Institute introduced the culture of silk within our borders, and by the exertions of its members, the question as to whether its growth was adapted to our climate, was speedily solved in the affirmative. The importations of this one article, for the last sixteen years, amount to one hundred and sixty-seven millions, and in the year 1836, to twenty millions. The attention of our countrymen has been gradually turning to the production of this article; and so simple is the process of reeling it from the cocoon, that the small sum of three dollars will enable any person to purchase a reel, amply sufficient for his own use. In all other silk-growing countries, it has been found necessary to make use of artificial means in its production; but our climate is so peculiarly adapted to its culture, that the cocoons yield a far greater abundance of silk than they do elsewhere. So great is the demand for the *morus multicaulis* tree, that the proprietors of one garden, in New-Jersey, have sold this year twenty thousand dollars' worth of them, and the demand is constantly on the increase. It can scarcely be doubted, that but a few years will elapse, before the culture and employment of silk will form one of the most prominent features in our agriculture and manufactures.'

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. — This good man and noble poet has lived to see his 'fame ripen into abundant fruit.' Those who once ridiculed, now admire; those who once condemned, now applaud. His beautiful fancy and more beautiful diction; his fine ear for the music of verse, and the music of nature; his all-observant eye, and his great tenderness and delicacy of feeling, have at last come to be appreciated. His verse now finds its way to the general heart; and the reason why he has *ever* been underrated, is, in our judgment, owing mainly to a host of feeble imitators, who have managed to have their sentimental rant, and sonorous but windy philosophy, christened of his school; inferior minds, whose only merit, if merit it can be called, was a proficiency in the art of saying ordinary things in an unintelligible way; of hiding no meaning, as some one has well said, in substance, in a kind of stern and pompous wordiness, and imparting to language a sort of emphatic inanity. But how wide is WORDSWORTH'S poetry from all this! The modest simplicity of thought, the beauty and picturesqueness of fancy and language, which distinguish the following, are the common characteristics of WORDSWORTH'S verse. The lines are from 'Friendship's Offering,' an English annual for the coming year. Could any thing be more exquisite, than the lines we have *Italicized*? We commend the whole to such as consider 'poetry its own exceeding great reward,' and more especially to the utilitarian and the misanthrope:

'SUNSET.

'Here let us lie, upon this primrose bank,  
And give our thoughts free way. Our thoughts are fair;  
For Heaven is fair, and Earth all round is fair;  
And we reflect both in our souls to-day.  
Art thou not joyous? Does the sunshine fall  
Upon a barren heart? Methinks it is  
Itself the sweet source of fertility!  
In all its golden warmth it wraps us round;  
Not us alone, but every beast and bird  
That makes the breathing forest musical:  
Nor these alone; but every sparkling stream,  
And every hill, and every pastoral plain;  
*The leaves that whisper in delighted talk,*  
*The truant air with its own self at play —*  
*The clouds that swim in azure — loving Heaven*  
*And loving Earth — and lingering between each,*  
*Loth to quit either; are not all alive,*  
With one pure unalloyed consummate joy?  
Let us rejoice, then, beyond all the rest;  
For how shall wisdom show itself so well,  
As in administering joy unto itself?  
They who disdain the merry, are not wise;  
And they who step aside, when mirth comes by,  
And scorn all things which are not bought with pain,  
Are — fools, good cousin. What else can they be,  
Who spurn God's free-given blessings? I am one  
Who prize the matron Summer most in smiles,  
And give my heart up to her rose-crowned hours.  
And so art thou — or so thou  *wilt*  be, child,  
When that the orb of Time, now in its dawn,  
Hath ripened the young brain with liberal thought.  
Keep this in mind: and now, we two will watch  
The Day go downward toward the glowing west;  
*And when the gold grows pale, and evening airs*  
*Come murmuring o'er the meadows, we will drink*  
*The balmy ether — the nectar can breath*  
*Which Earth sends upward when her Lord, the Sun,*  
*Kisses her cheek at parting.'*

We are anticipating, by every arrival, original poetical articles for these pages, from this delightful writer. Our last advices from him, at Rydal Mount, were, that so soon as a serious disorder of the eyes, which prevented his reading or writing, should have abated, an early opportunity would be embraced, to copy out and transmit the articles in question. We may hope, therefore, to receive them ere long.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, for October, republished by Mrs. LEWER, is an admirable number. The articles, seven in number, are: The Despatches of the Duke of Wellington, Mr. RUSCHENBERGER's 'Voyage round the World;' the writings of 'Boz;' Sir WILLIAM KNIGHTON's Memoirs; Life, Works, and Correspondence, of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE; Strictures on a Life of WILLIAM WILBERFORCE; and Remarks on an Article in the Edinburgh, on the Times of George the Third and George the Fourth. The paper upon Dr. RUSCHENBERGER's volume, does not treat that work as a production of great merit. The narratives of our voyages of discovery which have hitherto been produced, are not deemed creditable to the American Navy, 'which will probably,' adds the reviewer 'receive its first development, and raise its first monument,' from the Exploring Expedition. Our author's theory of the 'necessity of winds and waves,' is pronounced absurd; and in relation to the subterranean islands, reared by the coral animals and 'other mollusca,' with which the imagination of the voyager so liberally teemed, the reviewer claps an extinguisher upon the whole, by the unqualified assertion, that 'there are no such islands in existence.' It is alleged, that the author has mistaken the insects, which inhabit defunct coral, for the animal itself! His accuracy is more than questioned, and his 'practised readiness to expatiate upon the wonders of nature,' is freely commented upon. Many of his descriptions are declared to have been borrowed from the accounts of others, and therefore to present little claim to new attention. His strictures upon the missionaries, it is said, 'cannot fail to embroil him with that body.' One of that body, we may add, has already rendered these harmless, so far as they related to himself. In conclusion, the reviewer regrets that a government like ours should equip vessels for distant voyages, without taking care to provide them with competent observers and historians.

The notice of Boz's productions is cordial and discriminating. He is declared to be the most popular writer of his day. Since the publication of the poems and novels of Sir WALTER SCOTT, there has been no work, the circulation of which has approached that of the Pickwick Papers, which have been often dramatised, and of which more than thirty thousand copies have been sold. 'We think him,' says the reviewer, 'a very original writer, well entitled to his popularity, and not likely to lose it, and the truest and most spirited delineator of English life, among the middle and lower classes, since the days of Smollett and Fielding.' His unaffected style, 'fluent, easy, spirited, and terse,' his keen sense of the ludicrous, exuberant humor, mastery of the pathetic, and dramatic power, are warmly commended, and his latest productions are pronounced the best. Long may 'Boz' live to write, and long may the Edinburgh Review remain of its present opinion!

THE LATE JOHN W. GOULD. — The death of this gifted young gentleman—who was, as a writer, as much a favorite with the public, as he was, as a man, with all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance—has doubtless been made known to our readers, through the public journals. He sailed last June from New-York for Rio Janeiro, for the improvement of his health. On his arrival, finding himself growing worse, he returned in a brig, bound for Baltimore. He died on the first day of October, sixteen days from port. In the January number of this Magazine, we shall endeavor to do that justice to the memory and merits of the deceased, which neither our leisure nor space will now permit. The admirer of the stirring sea-sketches which 'JACK GARNET' communicated, from time to time, to the KNICKERBOCKER, will be gratified to learn, that he has left behind him, for these pages, one of the most vivid pictures ever traced by his pen, which (with picturesque and affecting passages from his correspondence and private journal, recorded during the long outward voyage, 'in weariness and painfulness' too often,) will form a prominent attraction of our next number.

'GERALDINE,' the first part of the forthcoming volume of poems, by RUFUS DAWES, Esq., has been laid before us by the publisher. We have derived abundant pleasure from its perusal; for it teems with fine imagination, oblique satire, and pleasant philosophy. We await the publication of the entire volume, for an enlarged notice; but in the mean time, we cannot resist the inclination to transfer a few fragmentary stanzas, taken at random, as 'samples' of the 'entire lot.' We take three stanzas from the opening, descriptive of the *locale*. The last verse is exquisite:

'Around that hermit-home of quietude,  
The elm trees whispered with the summer air,  
And nothing ever ventured to intrude,  
But happy birds that caroled wildly there,  
Or honey-laden harvesters that flew  
Humming away to drink the morning dew.

Beneath a mountain's brow the cottage stood,  
Hard by a shelving lake, whose pebbled bed  
Was skirted by the drapery of a wood,  
That hung its festoon foliage over head,  
Where wild deer came at eve, unharmed to drink,  
While moonlight threw their shadows from the brink.

The green earth heaved her giant waves around,  
Where through the mountain vista, one vast height  
Towered heavenward without peer, his forehead bound  
With gorgeous clouds, at times of changeful light,  
*While far below, the lake in bridal rest,  
Slept with his glorious picture on her breast.*

A deserved hit is here conveyed to the good citizens of Boston and Charlestown, who, if the journals speak truly, are permitting Bunker-Hill to be sold for building-lots:

'The men who deluged BUNKER-HILL with blood,  
Have left a progeny that stand for gold,  
As firmly as for Liberty they stood.  
Go to that sacred altar and behold  
Lean Avarice with Gratitude contending,  
And Liberty her backward glances sending.'

Some idea of the manner in which Mr. Dawes applies the lash to 'spiritual wickedness in high places,' may be gathered from the annexed, which is not more faithful in its drawing, than felicitous in execution:

'I've known a person speculate in churches,  
Who went 'to meeting' twice a day at least,  
Yet seldom left the table without lurches,  
And very often went to bed a beast;  
He'd give a flip to clothe a beggar's shins,  
And cover thus a multitude of sins.

And this was *Charity*! the laying by  
Of treasure in high heaven! O human pride!  
O vanity supreme! As if the eye  
Of the Eternal Spirit could abide  
Hypocrisy so monstrous, and be mocked  
With outward show of good, where vice is locked.

All men must live; indeed 'tis very rare,  
To find a person starving in our days;  
Some men feed well on sumptuous daily fare,  
On canvass-backs, and sundry other ways,  
And many, who to ruin are turned over,  
But 'go to grass,' to roll themselves 'in clover.'

Some know the world a goose and club together,  
In hope to find a standing for their legs;  
One salts its tail to rob it of a feather,  
Another kills it for the golden eggs:  
Friendship in trade abandoned store and cottage,  
About the time that ESau sold his pottage.'

The 'dread hereafter,' which to so many is the sting of death, is lighted up with 'a gleam of true philosophy,' in the following:

'Might we but tear the Stygian folds away,  
And show the buried life in its true features,  
Ere man's designing hand had made a prey  
Of loveliness to mock his fellow-creatures,  
How would we burn with shame to scan the pages  
That hold the records of but threescore ages?

Then might we see the human mind upspringing  
In its primeval beauty, unencumbered  
By the unnatural chains around it clinging,  
Bolted and riveted by hands unnumbered,  
Now free, and conscious of its true relation  
In this fair world, its blessed habitation;

So full of happiness—if man would feel  
The truth that this Eternity is *now*—  
That Time is but a name for the great wheel  
Of natural changes—that to this we bow,  
When we lie down in death, another name  
For being, and though modified, the same.

Death only moulds the body in new forms,  
Mind always is, in one eternity;  
And when we learn to live above the storms  
Engendered by false notions, and apply  
Our hearts to wisdom, we shall find our heaven,  
On this long injured earth, already given.'



A truthful and striking picture of the drunkard and gamester, must close our extracts for the present :

'But now, that soul was like the eagle's flight,  
Lofty and full of spirit-breathing fire ; —  
'Tis past — the revels of a single night,  
Have deluged every thought and high desire,  
And paralyzed the feelings that refined  
The earthliness of passion in his mind.

[wake!

And when he wakes — Oh God, when *will* he  
The seal of hell is fastened on his brow —  
Wave after wave ebbs off from Lethe's lake,  
And consciousness is clinging to him now :  
Remorse — dread — thirst — with agony in wait —  
The horrors of the damned anticipating. [lug,

And now he makes a vow he'll drink no more,  
No more he'll stake his fortune at the bank ;  
But ere the last resolve is muttered o'er,  
The empty goblet shows that he has drank.  
And once again delirium has its way,  
While all his thoughts are revelling at play.

Drunk without pleasure — destitute of power  
To shun the scourging furies that pursue him,  
He counts the tedious moments of the hour,  
And hugs the vulture that is gnawing through  
While mean suspicion turns all eyes to see [him.  
His degradation and insanity.

We shall take an early occasion to refer to this volume, of which the poem under notice forms but a small portion. The publisher, Mr. S. COLMAN, we are glad to perceive, has done ample justice to the externals of the work.

AMERICAN WRITINGS ABROAD. — Some of our latest works, 'owing to steam,' are echoing from abroad. The London 'Athenæum' and 'Literary Gazette' — whose approving words of, and liberal extracts from, the KNICKERBOKER, we are bound to acknowledge — devote many of their columns to notices of American books and periodicals. Some, as will have been seen by the public journals, are highly commended, while others are 'whistled down the wind.' 'Burton, or the Sieges,' the last work of the author of that very clever book, 'The South-West, by a Yankee,' the 'Gazette' pronounces a 'tedious narrative,' with a 'vast deal of trashy romance running through it ; the 'sieges' being laid on young ladies' hearts, and the hero being a pitiful fellow. We look in vain,' continues the reviewer, 'for any passage to interest us in himself or in his doings.' He takes the author to task for saying that the love of flowers is usually found alone in the higher walks of life : 'Where on earth could he pick up such an opinion ? In no land we ever read of, or visited, are flowers unpriized by the poor : in our own country, the very mud hovels of pauperism are embellished by common roses, geraniums, and other easily-obtained flowers.' The 'Gazette' seems not to know that the 'pitiful fellow' who is the hero of the work in question, is the notorious traitor and profligate, AARON BURR.

PARODY. — All we know concerning the origin of the subjoined, is, that it proceeds from a 'clever' person, in both the senses of that word ; from one, in short, who belongs to the corps of 'Futchey'-uns,' a mysterious brotherhood, known generally in Rhode-Island, and in Massachusetts 'some.'

## LAMENT OF THE 'CISLED.'

## I.

I REMEMBER, I remember,  
The house where I swig'd gin,  
The small bar-window, where, each morn,  
I took 'the critter' in ;  
It never came a wink too soon,  
Nor too often in a day ;  
But sometimes, 't was so awful strong,  
It took my breath away !

## II.

I remember, I remember,  
The decanters red and white,  
The tumblers, and the copper-spoons  
That used to shine so bright ;  
The bar-room, where the landlord stood,  
And sued me, when I got  
So blue upon my birth-day —  
'T will never be forgot !

## III.

I remember, I remember,  
How my head was wont to ring ;  
I thought each object that I saw,  
When 'cut,' upon the wing ;  
My spirit was gin-toddy, then —  
Indeed, it is so now ;  
There 's naught like *that*, to take, I think,  
The wrinkles from the brow.

## IV.

I remember, I remember,  
The sign-post slim and high ;  
I used to think its gilded top  
Was thrust into the sky !  
'T was most preposterous ignorance,  
As clearly *now* I view ;  
But get as blue as I was then,  
And you will think so too !

P.

FOREIGN LITERARY AND OTHER GOSSIP.—We are indebted to an obliging friend in London, for the following familiar gossip for October. It has had a long passage, but is still the latest:

'The publishers, as the *'Athenæum'* says, are yet taking their siesta, but they will wake up shortly. From now until Christmas will be their harvest time. Very few works of interest have appeared this last month. *'Travels in the three great empires of Austria, Russia, and Turkey, by E. B. ELLIOTT,'* is one of the novelties; but even these regions have almost ceased to be a novelty. Maj. MITCHELL's *Expeditions into the interior of Australia* are spoken of as extremely interesting. A history of Madagascar, with an account of Missionary operations there, by Rev. WM. ELLIS, is shortly to appear, in two volumes octavo, with a profusion of plates. Talboys has published a translation of Guizot's history of the English Revolution; and his *'Democracy in Modern Communities'* has also been re-printed.

'I have just been looking at a most magnificent volume on the Coronation of George the Fourth. It has full length portraits of chief personages in the ceremony, in state costume, exquisitely colored like miniatures; and is got up at immense expense. The details, and most of the persons represented, are the same as at the Coronation of Victoria; and it is far too costly a work to be done again very soon. One or two copies, I am told, have been sent to New-York.

'A work by the author of *'The Great Metropolis,'* called *'Sketches in London,'* with humorous illustrations in the *'Pickwick'* style, is published this week; as well as a very pretty book of Views in London, finely engraved, in royal octavo. An octavo edition of Richardson's Dictionary is announced in preparation. A new impression of the *Waverley Novels*, in forty-eight volumes, with a series of beautiful illustrations, is nearly completed. Mr. CADELL yet retains the proprietorship of these profitable works, but the plates in this edition are republished by FISHER. The whole style of the series is much improved.

'More than usual attention has of late been drawn to American books here; chiefly owing to the establishment of a New-York house in Paternoster Row. The *Athenæum* complained of the difficulty, heretofore, of obtaining American books, even for review; but now they have their hands full.

'The popularity in England of some of the little works by Miss SEDGWICK, Mrs. CHILD, JACOB ABBOTT, etc., is really astonishing. Tegg, in advertising a new edition of Mrs. Child's *'Frugal Housewife,'* says, that '56,000 copies have been sold in England alone.' He also prints an immense number of *'Live and Let Live,'* *'The Poor Rich Man,'* *'Parley's Tales,'* *'Uncle Phillip,'* etc. At least six different rival editions of some of Abbott's works are published in England and Scotland. Indeed, there is beginning to be a brisk competition here in this business of printing American books for nothing; and we cannot consistently find fault, if the American authors do not reap the benefit of this popularity; for we have given them more than tit for tat in this sort of business; but the balance of accounts will soon be pretty nearly even, if not in our favor. It is a pity, that a fairer state of things could not be brought about. Parliament has passed a copy-right act for foreign authors, but only for those countries which reciprocate the compliment; and at present, no legal copy-right can be secured by an American in England. Many have supposed otherwise, as in the case of IRVING and COOPER's works; but I believe the fact has never been contested in law.

'The American house introduced here the author's edition of *'Probus,'* or the KNICKERBOCKER's *'Letters from Rome,'* which was immediately published by Bentley, under the name of *'The Last Days of Aurelian; or the Nazarenes of Rome.'* By and by, authors will be unable to identify their own works.

'The Americans are acknowledged to excel in making school-books, and not a few are extensively adopted here; such as ANTHON's editions of Sallust, Cicero, and Cæsar; COMSTOCK's *Natural Philosophy*; PARKER's *Grammar* and *'Composition';* Mrs. PHELPS' *'Female Student,'* etc. etc.

'In considering the copy-right question, it seems plain that one thing might and should be done, for the benefit of all parties; and that is, *the duty on English books should be reduced or abolished*. This matter has only to be placed in its true light, and congress will see the heavy injustice of the present enormous tax on literature in the shape of duties. As a branch of the revenue, it is paltry; but the tax falls on those who can least afford it, viz., literary men. The chief ostensible reason for the duty, is the protection of American editions; but I think it can be clearly demonstrated, that this reason is groundless, and that there would be just as many or more books printed in the United States, if the duties on foreign books were abolished. For instance: suppose English editions untaxed — how many new novels at a *guinea and a half* would be imported, while they can be re-printed in New-York for fifty cents? All these light works of the day, smaller books of travels, etc., which are now re-printed, would continue to be so, if there was no duty at all. But there are many *heavy* works, scientific, theological, and others, which will never be re-printed, but which are wanted nevertheless, by practical men connected with these various pursuits. Books should be free — free as air; and I am inclined to imitate O'Connell, and 'agitate' the matter, till it is 'mended' in the senate chamber.

'Beside the Corn Laws and the Franchise, the good people here have another bone to pick, which they are beginning to dislike. Strong disaffection is evidently growing up toward the profuse ceremonies, lordly dictation, and exclusive privileges, of the Established Church. You saw, no doubt, the letter to the Bishop of Exeter from one of his curates, the Rev. Mr. Head. 'The Times' and the Tories of course denounced it as 'abusive' and 'ungentlemanly,' but others, even of 'the church' people, warmly applauded it. This bishop (PHILPOTTS,) seems to be specially unpopular.

'With all due respect for appropriate forms and ceremonies in public worship, an American, even if an Episcopalian, must feel that many of those in the English churches are useless, if not ridiculous. The dignitaries at the door, with cocked hats and gold-laced robes, (what they are there *for*, I have never discovered,) another, with a long pole, specially appointed to escort the preacher to the pulpit and open the door for him; a clerk, (or *clerk!*) perched up under the desk to chant in a doleful whine, the *amens* and responses and to give out the hymn; and perhaps two or three others beside the preacher to read the different parts of the service. And most vilely they do read it. Any school-boy of ten years old who could not read better than three-fourths of these learned divines, would be at the foot of his class. As to the internal regulations of the 'parish,' I am not yet initiated; but you are well aware that all denominations in England must pay tithes to 'the Church,' whether they support their own or not; and that no one here can be *legally* born, married, or buried, out of the pale of this *stately* establishment, if they presume to dissent from its dictates!

'The queen is still rusticated at Windsor, and the 'dowager' has gone to winter at Malta. I have been told, by one conversant with court affairs, that the secret of Lord Melbourne's very *constant* attendance at the castle of late, is a 'match' on the tapis between himself and no less a personage than the Duchess of Kent. He is a widower, about sixty; the Duchess perhaps forty, and very good looking. The Viscount seems inclined to hold on to the premiership, at any rate; but if he retains office, it can scarcely be owing to any excess of talent. It is said to be settled, also, at least by the cabinet, that the royal Victoria herself is really to give her hand, if not her heart, to her cousin, Prince George of Cambridge. This arrangement would probably please all parties, except the disappointed continental princes. The favored heir-apparent to a share in the throne, has just gone abroad; and 'they say' another august ceremony will be performed on his return, two years hence. You may take these rumors for what they are worth.

Yours truly,

X. Y. Z.'

## LITERARY RECORD.

'We have perused, and for the most part with critical attention, the volumes named below. A lack of time and space, however, prevents more than the mere 'record,' which the title of this department indicates, of their general character.

'AN EXPEDITION OF DISCOVERY INTO THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA,' is the title of two volumes from the press of MESSRS. CAREY AND HART. The reader follows the traveller, Capt. ALEXANDER, through the hitherto undiscovered countries of Great Namaquas, Boschman, and Hill Damara; and but for certain minuteness of detail, and the introduction of divers small matters, he will find the journey interesting, and his company agreeable. There is certainly much of new and valuable information in the volumes; and hence we may commend them as worthy of general perusal. The same publishers have issued, in two volumes, 'NAPOLEON'S MEMOIRS; Evenings with Prince Cambarces. By Baron LANSON.' It needs but the thousand and one passages from this work, which have found their way into American journals from English periodicals and newspapers, to attest the romantic interest and agreeable variety which are their national and literary characteristics.

'MANUAL OF CONCHOLOGY, according to the system laid down by LAMARCK, with the late improvements by M. de BLAINVILLE. Exemplified and arranged for the use of Students. By THOMAS WYATT, M. A.' This is a beautifully-executed volume, from the press of the Brothers' HARPER, illustrated by thirty-six colored plates, containing more than two hundred types, drawn from the natural shell. The whole is a free translation of LAMARCK's system, simplified, and will be found greatly to facilitate the study of a beautiful and interesting science, by divesting it of numerous technicalities, and by dividing it into four classes, to each of which are assigned its various families, to each family its genera, and to each genus its living species; thus making it plain, and within the reach of the meanest capacity. The work is an easy introduction to the science, being unincumbered by numerous divisions and subdivisions, which only serve to perplex and hinder the student. The publishers, we remark, have in press a work by the same author, on Natural History, for the use of schools, in which is comprised a synopsis of all the branches of that beautiful study.

'BABYLON.' — A poem by a young writer, C. W. EVEREST, Esq., of Hartford, (Conn.,) thus entitled, and containing certain pencilled passages, having been 'clandestinely' taken from our table or apartment, we are unable to do more than record our remembrance of its merits and defects. With a good deal of imagination, ease of rhythm, and correct measure, there were associated occasional negligences, which we had designed to point out, in a spirit of candor and kindness, to the clever and promising young writer. One or two songs, in a measure differing from the main poem, we call to mind, as especially felicitous, while to the whole may be awarded, under the circumstances, much encouragement and praise. We may look with confidence, if we do not misjudge, for a higher and more sustained flight, from one whose spring is so full of promise.

PELAYO: A STORY OF THE GOTH. — This latest novel of the popular author of 'Mellichampe,' 'The Yemassee,' 'Guy Rivers,' etc., reaches us, by some inadvertence, not to say negligence, at so late an hour, that we are unable to notice it in detail. We have given it, however, a cursory examination, and are free to say, that such novel-readers as kindle at passionate language, and stirring dramatic incident, will find in these volumes a welcome treat. The writer has departed, in some few instances, from what is usually received as history, yet not so materially as to take from his work the character of a historical romance. The volumes are distinguished, in their externals, by the neatness which is a characteristic of all the works from the press of the publishers, the BROTHERS HARPER.

**BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.** — The 'juvenile portion of the community' are not a little indebted to Mr. JOHN S. TAYLOR, Park-Row, for the many beautiful, entertaining, and instructive volumes, which he is from time to time putting forth, for their pleasure and improvement. Among his late issues, are two, which are especially intended as Christmas presents. They are entitled 'Stories from Scripture,' and 'Moral Lessons and Stories,' and are beautifully printed, and illustrated by that prince of wood-engravers, ADAMS, in his best style. Both in externals and matter, they deserve warm commendation. The same publisher has issued two little books, of a similar character, entitled 'The Lofty and the Lowly Way,' and the 'Triumph of Faith, and Songs of Heaven.'

**RELIGIOUS ANNUALS.** — We had intended an elaborate notice of two native annuals, of distinguished merit, the CHRISTIAN KEEPKSAKE, and the RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR; but important avocations have prevented. The first-named, and the largest volume, is edited by Rev. JOHN A. CLARK, Philadelphia, and illustrated in the first style of American art. Its literary contents, it may be remarked, are in good keeping with its externals. The 'Souvenir' is edited by Mrs. SIGOURNEY, which is an abundant guaranty for the excellence of its literary department; while the engravings and typographical execution sustain the high character which the work has hitherto enjoyed.

**'EVENINGS AT HOME.'** — **THE LIFE OF CHRIST.** — 'Evenings at Home, or the Juvenile Budget Opened,' is the title of a handsome volume, of some four hundred quarto pages, most liberally and beautifully ornamented and illustrated, by ADAMS; the contents, varied and interesting, by Dr. AIKIN and Mrs. BARBAULD. This is, in every respect, a very agreeable and handsome Christmas-Gift. Its publishers, the BROTHERS HARPER, have also issued, in a similar dress, and with a like number and character of adornments, 'The Life of CHRIST, in the Words of the Evangelists: a complete Harmony of the Gospel History of our SAVIOUR; for the use of young persons.'

**'THE MIDDY, or Scenes from the Life of EDWARD LASCELLES,'** is the title of a novel in two volumes, from the press of MESSRS. CAREY AND HART. We have little hesitation in pronouncing it one of the best sea-novels of the season. The style of the work is good, the descriptions graphic, and the grouping of the incidents artist-like and dramatic. The many imitations of 'Peter Simple,' which have been spawned upon the public, have made us suspicious of this species of composition; but a few such works as the one before us, would go far toward mitigating the most confirmed distaste.

**'THE CHRISTMAS GIFT,'** published by APPLETON, is one of the cleverest annuals of the season. It is absolutely crowded with various delightful pictorial conceits, from the pencil of CHAPMAN. We need only say of its literary contents, that they bear incontestable evidence of having been furnished by one who has before contributed to American literature an equally pleasant 'Salmagundi.'

**'COUNTRY STORIES.'** — Here are twelve charming stories, by Miss MITFORD, each one of which is worth more than the trifling sum demanded for the volume. A cheerful spirit, a fine eye for the beautiful in nature, and the graceful pen of a ready writer, have so long been associated with the name of this clever authoress, that it were a work of supererogation to commend her sketches to favorable acceptance.

**EXHIBITION AT THE BARCLAY-STREET ACADEMY.** — The fine pictures by DUBUFE, of 'Don Juan, Haidee, and Lambro,' 'The Circassian Slave,' 'St. John in the Desert,' and 'The Princess of Capua,' have already been mentioned, in terms of deserved praise, in these pages. To this distinguished collection are now added, 'The Destruction of Jerusalem,' a noble production of WICHELO, and 'The Revolt in Paris,' by GIRAUD.

**CHESTERFIELD.** — The Brothers' HARPER have published, in a large and handsome volume, of six hundred and fifty pages, 'The Works of LORD CHESTERFIELD, including his 'Letters to his Son,' etc.; to which is prefixed an Original Life of the Author. First complete American edition.' The mere title of this work, indicates its character.

**THE FINE ARTS: 'DUNLAP EXHIBITION,' STUYVESANT INSTITUTE.** — Here are upward of two hundred pictures, very many of them of the rarest beauty and value, from the pencils of eminent masters, which we should be glad to notice in detail, but for the fact, that we have small space, and would at once direct the reader to the exhibition, which will remain open only a brief period after this Magazine is issued. In addition to the works of modern artists, who (with numerous distinguished possessors, and patrons of the art,) have contributed liberally of their best, there are eminent productions of Copley, West, Stuart, and others, altogether making a collection, which it is better worth a dollar than twenty-five cents (the small sum demanded) to procure a sight of. The proceeds are to be devoted to the printing of the valuable history of the 'New-Netherlands,' which was warmly commended in our November number.

**PAINTING.** — In a brief notice, in our last number, of the labors of Mr. HITE, (whose exquisite miniatures of children have excited the admiration of all who have visited his rooms at the Astor House,) we referred, incidentally, to Mr. POWELL, who, 'upon young shoulders carries the weight of years,' in the matter of art. His portraits deserve all the encomiums which they have received. The picture of Miss TREE, at the Stuyvesant Institute, in color, drawing, and general effect, is such as to cause many to doubt that it is the production of a young gentleman, not twenty years of age; but such is the fact. Yet, excellent as is this portrait, it is not his most felicitous effort. Mr. POWELL's rooms are at No. 90 Chambers-street.

**'AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.'** — Having given, in our October number, a review, from the pen of J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq., of LOCKHART's *Life of Scott*, we could not, in justice to another correspondent, decline a communication which takes antagonist ground, and aims to rebut the alleged facts and arguments of the first-mentioned article. Both sides of the question are now before our readers, with whom we leave the decision of the matter.

**MUSIC AND PRINT ESTABLISHMENT.** — MESSRS. DAVIS AND HORNE, the latter so well known to the public as a delightful musician and vocalist, have opened an establishment at No. 411 Broadway, for the sale of piano-fortes, musical instruments, music, fine prints, etc. The professional skill and knowledge of the parties, will be a sufficient guaranty of the excellence of their commodities.

**TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.** — Numerous communications, with several from favorite contributors, bide their time for the new volume, the first number of which, in a new and handsome dress, will appear on the first of January proximo. In addition to the articles and series of articles mentioned in our last, we shall present, in the course of the volume, a spirited manuscript poem, by JOEL BARLOW, author of the 'Columbiad,' written in 1782, and never before published, together with a series of papers, of the most interesting character, from the private journal of a distinguished professional gentleman of New-York, kept during the years 1794-5-6-7, embracing all the prominent topics and occurrences of that eventful period, together with collateral disquisitions and reflections, of a valuable or entertaining character. The writer was the companion of all the chief men of his time, the KENTS, the MITCHELLS, the WOLSEYS, the JOHNSONS, the DUNLAPS, the WISTARS, with JAMES BROCKDEN BROWN, GOODWIN, etc.; and the literary performances and social movements of these choice spirits, are faithfully recorded. The author of 'The 'Kushow Property,' 'Hans Carvel,' etc., will accept our thanks for his very acceptable favors; the first of which will appear in our next number. Numerous articles of poetry await their turn, or are under advisement for decision.